WILD BILL PECOS
the WESTERNER
10¢
NOV.
1950
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A. C. M. P.
CONFORMS to the COMICS CODE
52 pages
trigger-fast-action
with the
GREATEST
GUNMAN
in the west
WILD BILL PECOS
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BARGAINS GALORE for the whole family

SAVE UP TO 1/2 OR MORE

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TAKE YOUR PICK—TRY AT OUR RISK WE GUARANTEE TO SATISFY YOU 100%

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It looks so weird, mysterious, frightening! The RUBY colored eyes sparkle in demi-darkness. A perfect miniature of a ghastly skeleton's head with realistic cross-bones, moulded in "pirate's old gold" color effect. Your price, only 1.98

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The special, patented Protecto-Block feature every active man and boy has waited for! Now you can drop it, bang it, even throw it and never worry. We back it 100%. Accurate Swiss movement! Numerals glow in dark. Centre sweep second indicator! Rich looking chromed case! GUARANTEED—2 full years FREE repairs if ever needed! 10 day trial. Money back unless thrilled! You risk nothing! Complete price only 6.98

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4.97 SPECIAL!

Something SPECIAL for men! Your own initial in Raised Gold color effect firmly set on a VERMILION-RED Stone. Flanked by 2 GENUINE ZIRCONS imported from far-away Siam! Now yours for only 4.97 —yet it looks like $650.00 and more! Enjoy a lifetime! Remember—these are not imitations but 100% GENUINE ZIRCONS that sparkle with a 1000 rays of light! Color and cut like precious diamonds.

TRY AT OUR RISK!

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Something special and very pretty! Imagine—12 sparkling Pseudo Diamonds, imported from Europe, set in a gorgeous Engagement and Wedding Ring Set! . . . NATURAL GOLD color, exquisite design. Your price for both—4.89. Yet they look like $750.00 and more! They sparkle a thousand rays of light! Enjoy a LIFETIME!

TRY AT OUR RISK!

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Extra strength perfume—a tiny bit is enough to surround you with its thrilling fragrance suggestive of tender LOVE. Try on your next date! Satisfaction guaranteed! Lasting bottle . 98c

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Takes a full pack of cigarettes . . . Positive action built-in lighter. Very attractive and useful! 5-year service guarantee. Now only . . 1.94

Special! LADIES' DAINTY SPORTEX WATCH 6.98

A sturdy, accurate watch with special jewel movement. Ideal for active women and girls, nurses, teachers, typists, housewives, etc. Sturdy case with luminous hands and numbers for nite reading. So dainty, yet so accurate too! Fully guaranteed—money back if not thrilled. Our special low price, now only 6.98

"MAGIC" WEATHER ROSE

Amazing! Beautiful artificial "Magic" Rose indicates weather changes by its color! RED indicates stormy weather; BLUE, fair weather, and LAVENDER, a change coming. Place near window . . . Very decorative. Complete with flower pot.

1.00

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"ELDORADO"

DISTINCTIVE WATCH FOR MEN WAS $24.95

NOW 9.99

"ELDORADO"—the watch for active men—last word in smart styling! Sparkling Pseudo Diamonds and Rubies set around the dial. Solid Gold color effect, chromed back. Unbreakable crystal. Luminous hands. Large sweep-second hand. Rugged case, built to take the "gaff". Imported Swiss movement gives dependable service. GUARANTEED 2 FULL YEARS—never a penny for repairs, parts or postage! Formerly $24.95. Special SALE PRICE, only $9.99—not a penny more. 10 DAY FREE TRIAL. Your money back unless delighted. RUSH COUPON NOW!

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Loads of fun and thrills galore are yours with this POWERFUL TELESCOPE of sturdy ALL METAL construction. Genuine ground lenses give CLEAR, close-up views of sports, nature study, seashore, neighbors' homes, etc. Amazingly SHARP details! Compare with telescopes selling for much, much more! 5-YEAR SERVICE GUARANTEE! Send no money. Pay postman only 1.98 plus postage on arrival. Try it—enjoy it—at OUR RISK for 10 whole days. Your money back quick if not thrilled! Don't miss this big opportunity! MAIL COUPON NOW!

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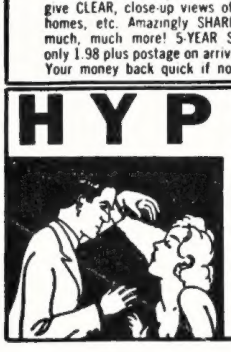

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Gentlemen: Please rush the articles below. I will deposit price shown with mailman on arrival, plus postage. I will use and enjoy them for 10 days. Anytime I am not satisfied, you will return my money. (We prepay postage on cash orders).

NAME OF ARTICLE DESIRED	PRICE

NAME (Please print) _____

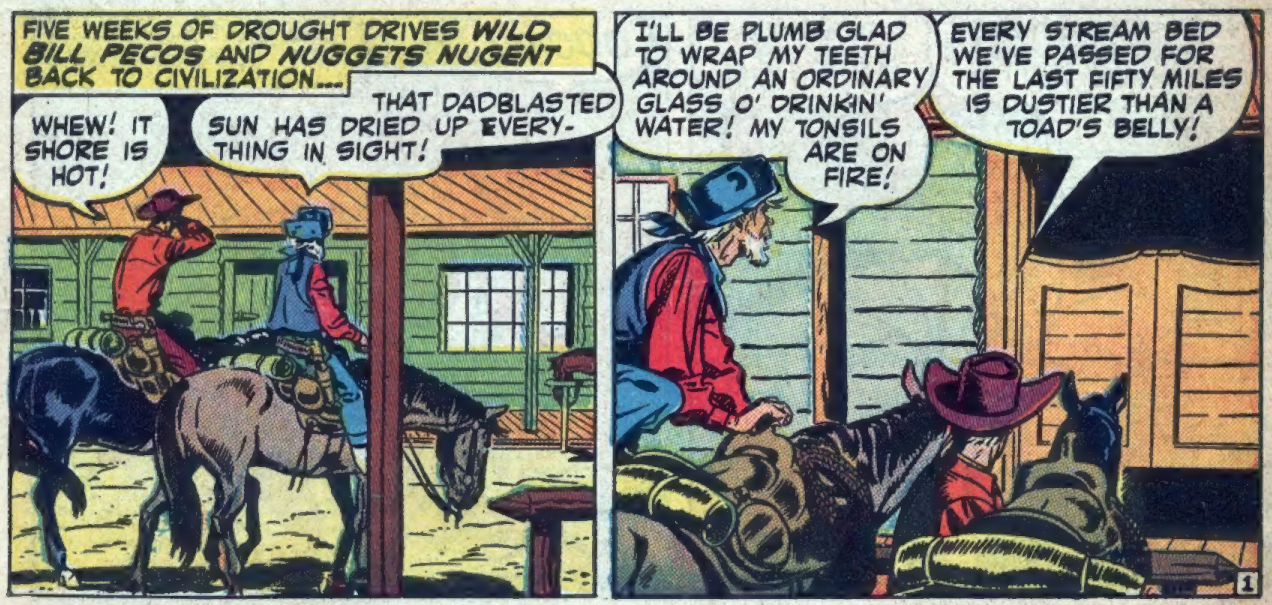
ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ STATE _____

PLEASE! Send ring sizes on thin strip of paper wrapped around finger.

WILD BILL PECOS BATTLES the WATER RUSTLERS

DROUGHT SCOURGES THE LAND! MAN AND BEAST THIRST ALIKE FOR THE COOL BALM OF WATER! BUT THERE IS NO RELIEF TO BE HAD...AND A STRANGE NEW BAND OF TERRORISTS HOLDS A PARCHED COMMUNITY HELPLESS, WHILE WATER, ONCE FREE TO ANYONE, BRINGS RUINOUS PRICES! THIS IS THE SITUATION THAT CONFRONTS WILD BILL PECOS AND NUGGETS NUGENT WHEN THEY CHALLENGE WITH FLAMING SIXGUNS THE MERCILESS MONOPOLY OF THE WATER RUSTLERS!



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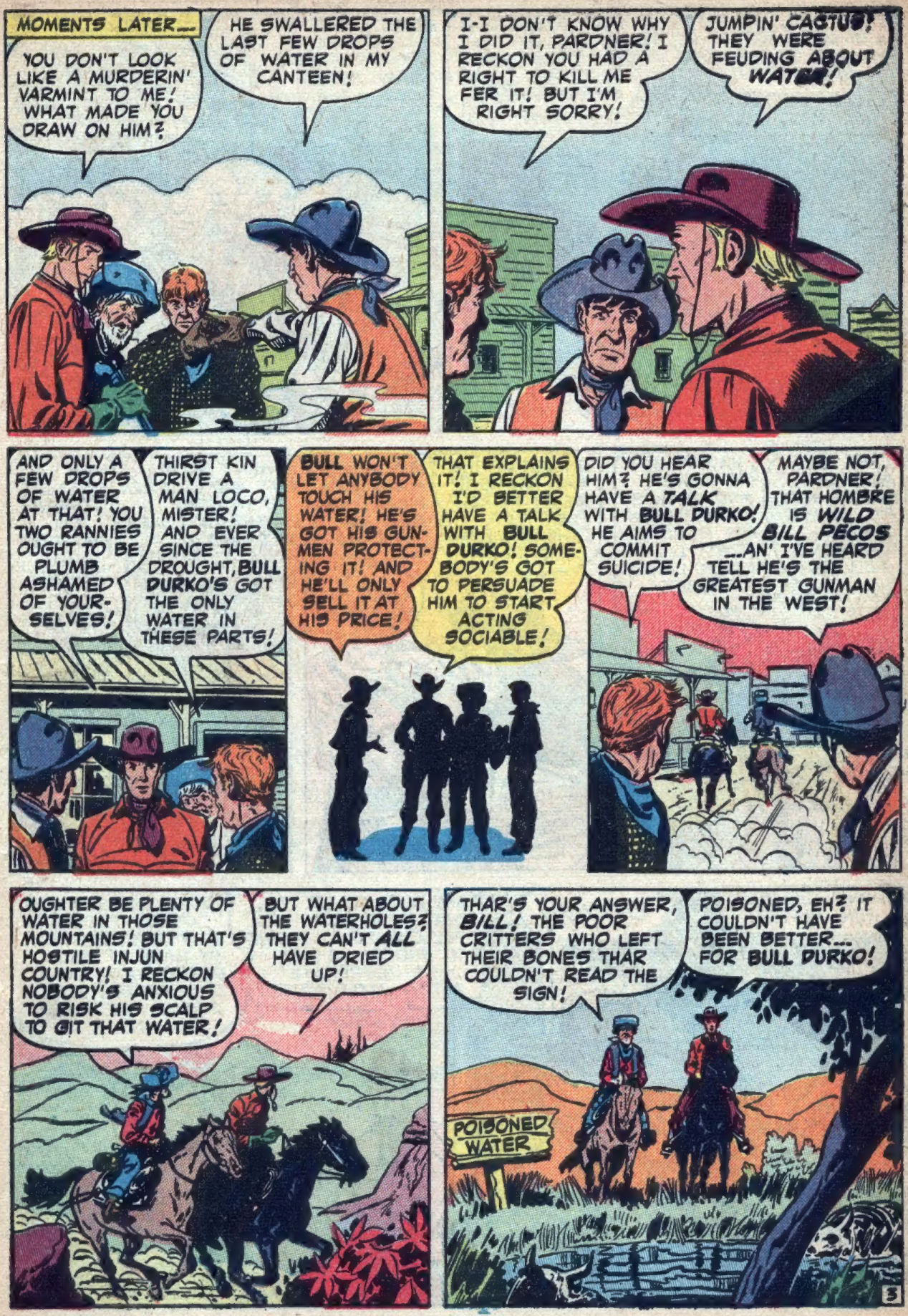
RUSTLE US UP A COUPLE OF QUARTS OF WATER! I'VE GOT A POWERFUL THIRST!
IS THAT SO?
HAVE YOU GOT THE DINERO TO PAY FOR IT? A QUART OF WATER WILL COST YUH ABOUT A HUNDRED DOLLARS!
PRICE LIST
WATER
THIMBLEFUL...$1.00
GLASS.....$10.00
WHISKEY
25¢ A SHOT
HUH?
WHY, THAT'S PLUMB LOCO! I KIN BUY A BARREL OF WHISKEY FOR LESS THAN THAT! WATER'S FREE! IT'S AGIN' NATURE TO CHARGE AN' HOMBRE FOR IT!
THAT'S THE PRICE! TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!
WE'LL LEAVE IT! C'MON, NUGGETS! WE'LL GO SOMEWHERE ELSE AND GET ALL THE WATER WE WANT!
CRAZY OLD COOT! YOU'D THINK WATER WAS GOLD THE ORNERY WAY HE'S DOLIN' IT OUT!
YUH DIRTY, DOUBLE-CROSSIN' SIDEWINDER! I'LL GIT EVEN FER WHAT YOU DID!
UH-OH! LOOKS LIKE REAL TROUBLE!
WE'VE BEEN PARTNERS FER YEARS! BUT THAR'S SOME THINGS AN HOMBRE CAN'T IGNORE!
I THOUGHT SO! HE'S GOING FOR HIS GUN!
OOOFF!
BANG!
BOP!
YOU CAN'T SHOOT DOWN A DEFENSELESS MAN!
2


MOMENTS LATER...
YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE A MURDERIN' VARMINT TO ME! WHAT MADE YOU DRAW ON HIM?
HE SWALLERED THE LAST FEW DROPS OF WATER IN MY CANTEEN!
I-I DON'T KNOW WHY I DID IT, PARDNER! I RECKON YOU HAD A RIGHT TO KILL ME FER IT! BUT I'M RIGHT SORRY!
JUMPIN' CACTUS! THEY WERE FEUDING ABOUT WATER!
AND ONLY A FEW DROPS OF WATER AT THAT! YOU TWO RANNIES OUGHT TO BE PLUMB ASHAMED OF YOURSELVES!
THIRST KIN DRIVE A MAN LOCO, MISTER! AND EVER SINCE THE DROUGHT, BULL DURKO'S GOT THE ONLY WATER IN THESE PARTS!
BULL WON'T LET ANYBODY TOUCH HIS WATER! HE'S GOT HIS GUNMEN PROTECTING IT! AND HE'LL ONLY SELL IT AT HIS PRICE!
THAT EXPLAINS IT! I RECKON I'D BETTER HAVE A TALK WITH BULL DURKO! SOMEBODY'S GOT TO PERSUADE HIM TO START ACTING SOCIABLE!
DID YOU HEAR HIM? HE'S GONNA HAVE A TALK WITH BULL DURKO! HE AIMS TO COMMIT SUICIDE!
MAYBE NOT, PARDNER! THAT HOMBRE IS WILD BILL PECOS ...AN' I'VE HEARD TELL HE'S THE GREATEST GUNMAN IN THE WEST!
OUGHTER BE PLENTY OF WATER IN THOSE MOUNTAINS! BUT THAT'S HOSTILE INJUN COUNTRY! I RECKON NOBODY'S ANXIOUS TO RISK HIS SCALP TO GIT THAT WATER!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE WATERHOLES? THEY CAN'T ALL HAVE DRIED UP!
THAR'S YOUR ANSWER, BILL! THE POOR CRITTERS WHO LEFT THEIR BONES THAR COULDN'T READ THE SIGN!
POISONED, EH? IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN BETTER... FOR BULL DURKO!
POISONED WATER
3

I DON'T BELIEVE THAT POISONED WATERHOLE JUST GOT THERE BY ACCIDENT! I'M MIGHTY ANXIOUS TO MEET THAT BULL DURKO!
GIDDYAP, GERONIMO!
SOON... THIS IS BULL DURKO'S SPREAD! 'PEARS TO BE DOING A THRIVING TRADE!
WATER FOR SALE HERE!
CASH IN ADVANCE, MISTER! WE'LL FILL UP YER CANTEEN FOR TWENTY DOLLARS!
I HAVEN'T GOT THE MONEY! AND MY WIFE AND CHILDREN ARE DYING OF THIRST! I'LL PAY YOU LATER, I PROMISE!
GIT OUT OF THE WAY, YUH DEAD-BEAT! THERE'S PLENTY OF OTHERS WILLING TO PAY!
JEST A HALF A CANTEEN FULL! I'VE GOT TO HAVE IT!
I WON'T LET MY WIFE AND CHILDREN GO WITHOUT WATER! NOT EVEN IF I HAVE TO KILL TO GET IT!
WHY, YUH LOCO OLD DUFFER! I'LL SALIVATE YUH!
DON'T USE THAT GUN, MISTER!
OWWW!
BAM!
ANY FOOL COULD TELL THAT POOR OLD FELLOW DIDN'T INTEND TO SHOOT! HE WAS JUST DESPERATE FOR A LITTLE WATER!
YOU'RE MESSIN' INTO OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS, MISTER! MY NAME IS BULL DURKO... AND I OWN THIS WATER! I'LL DECIDE WHO GETS IT!
4

TAKE CARE OF THIS HOMBRE, MEN!
UH-OH! TROUBLE!
I DON'T LIKE TO BE PUSHED AROUND!
BOP!
I CAN GET DOWNRIGHT ORNERY WITH HOMBRES WHO TRY TO PUSH ME AROUND!
OWWW!
SOK!
CLUNK!
I HOPE I'M MAKING MY POINT CLEAR!
HE'S A FIGHTING FOOL! BUT A BULLET WILL SLOW HIM DOWN FER GOOD!
CRACK!
TSK-TSK! I NEVER DID LIKE THE KIND OF LOWDOWN VARMINT WHO'D SHOOT A MAN IN THE BACK!
OHHH!
WATER FOR SALE
BANG!
G#?★!%
THANKS, NUGGETS! THAT WAS RIGHT SMART SHOOTING!
I ALLUS TRY TO BE HELPFUL, BILL! YUH CAN'T HAVE EYES IN THE BACK OF YORE HEAD!
DRINK UP, GENTS! IT'S ALL ON THE HOUSE!
BULL DURKO AND HIS GUNHANDS SHORE AIN'T IN NO CONDITION TO OBJECT! IN THESE PARTS, WATER RIGHTS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE FREE TO ALL COMERS!
5

DON'T THINK YOU RANNIES WILL GIT AWAY WITH THIS! BULL DURKO AIN'T LICKED YET! NOT BY A LONG SHOT!
AND IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG FOR BULL DURKO TO START MAKING GOOD ON HIS THREATS...
YOU DID ME A FAVOR... AND I AIN'T FORGETTIN' IT! BULL DURKO'S GOT THE SHERIFF ON YORE TRAIL! HE'S GOT WITNESSES TO SWEAR YOU TWO HOMBRES ARE THE ONES WHO'VE BEEN POISONING THE WATER-HOLES!
BUT THAT'S PLUMB CRAZY!
PEOPLE ARE MIGHTY RILED UP! YOU WON'T GIT A CHANCE TO PROVE YORE INNOCENT IF YORE DANGLING FROM A ROPE!
HE'S RIGHT! LET'S GET A MOVE ON, NUGGETS!
BUT WILD BILL AND NUGGETS ARE HARDLY UNDER WAY WHEN...
HERE THEY COME!
GERONIMO...YUH FLAP-EARED, BOW-LEGGED, SWAY-BACKED OLD SON OF A SPAVINED JACKASS! STRETCH YORE LEGS!
WE'RE LOSIN' 'EM, BILL! BUT WE'VE PLUMB RUN OUT OF PLACES TUH GO!
WE CAN'T STOP NOW! I'VE NO HANKERING TO BE THE GUEST OF HONOR AT A LYNCH PARTY!
IF ANY HOSSES CAN MAKE THIS JUMP, WIDOWMAKER AND GERONIMO ARE THE ONES TO DO IT!
EEEYOWW!
HIGH ACROSS THE DEADLY CHASM THE TWO WONDER HORSES LEAP IN PERFECT UNISON! FOR ONE PRECARIOUS MOMENT THEY STRUGGLE IN THE LOOSE SHALE FOOTING ON THE FAR SIDE, AND THEN...
WE MADE IT!
DOGGONE! NOW I KNOW WHY GERONIMO'S SUCH A LAZY PACK OF BONES! HE'S JUST SAVING UP HIS STRENGTH FOR WHEN HE NEEDS IT!
I RECKON BULL DURKO STILL CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT HAPPENED!

WHEN NIGHT FALLS...
THEY'VE STOPPED CHASING US! BUT I DON'T AIM TO BE A FUGITIVE FOR SOMETHING I DIDN'T DO!
HOW KIN WE PROVE WE DIDN'T POISON THOSE WATERHOLES?
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY...TO PROVE WHO REALLY DID IT! I RECKON THAT MEANS WE'LL HAVE TO SMOKE BULL DURKO OUT INTO THE OPEN! I'VE GOT A PLAN THAT MIGHT DO IT...
AFTER WILD BILL PECOS EXPLAINS...
EVEN IF MY PLAN WORKS, IT WON'T HELP THE FOLKS AROUND HERE TO GIT THE WATER THEY NEED! BUT YOU CAN DO IT, NUGGETS!
HUH? HOW DO YUH FIGGER THAT?
REMEMBER HOW YOU HANDLED THE JUJUTE INDIANS? YOU'VE GOT A WAY WITH REDMEN LIKE NO OTHER HOMBRE! YOU CAN MAKE THEM AGREE TO ANYTHING!
HEE-HEE! I ALLUS OPINED IT WAS MY BEARD THAT GOT 'EM CURIOUS! I CAN SLING THEIR LINGO PURTY GOOD TOO!
YOU'VE GOT TO RIDE UP INTO THE HOSTILE INDIAN COUNTRY IN THOSE MOUNTAINS! TALK THEM INTO DIVERTING A STREAM SO IT'LL FLOW INTO A DRIED-OUT RIVER BED!
WHA-AT? I'D BE TOMAHAWK BAIT IF I DID THAT, BILL!
JUST THE SAME, IT'S WORTH A TRY! ALL YOU'LL NEED IS A LITTLE DYNAMITE FOR BLASTING... AND LOTS OF LUCK!
DINGBUST IT TUH TARNATION! YOU GIT ME INTO MORE DANGED SCRAPES THAN AN HOMBRE CAN WIGGLE OUT OF!
THIS IS WHERE WE PART COMPANY!
I HOPE ME AN' MUH SCALP GIT BACK FROM THAT INJUN COUNTRY AT THE SAME TIME!
LATER, AT A HASTILY ARRANGED MEETING IN THE BUNKHOUSE OF A FRIENDLY RANCHER...
YOU CAN DEPEND ON THESE HOMBRES, WILD BILL! THEY ALL KNOW BULL DURKO IS BEHIND THIS WATER RUSTLING SCHEME!
WE CAN STOP HIM FROM SELLING WATER AT RUINOUS PRICES! ALL WE NEED TO DO IS ANNOUNCE WE'VE FOUND A NEW WATERHOLE, WHERE FOLKS CAN GET ALL THEY NEED... FOR FREE!
7

IF DURKO IS THE POLECAT WHO'S BEEN POISONING THE WELLS, IT'S A CINCH HE'LL TRY TO SPOIL THIS ONE TOO! BUT WE'LL BE WAITING FOR HIM!
THAR'S JUST ONE HITCH, BILL!
WHAR ARE WE GONNA GIT THE WATER TO GIVE FOLKS?
JUST LEAVE THAT TO ME! I'LL GUARANTEE THE WATER....IF YOU'LL GUARANTEE THE CUSTOMERS!
AND THE NEXT DAY A STRANGE SIGHT UNFOLDS TO THE EAGER GAZE OF A DROUGHT-STRICKEN COMMUNITY....
IT'S FRESH, PURE WATER! AND THEY'RE GIVIN' IT AWAY FREE!
FREE WATER HERE!
WHEW! WE SHORE SATISFIED FOLKS' THIRST! BUT I'D STILL LIKE TO KNOW WHERE YUH GOT ALL THE WATER!
THE ONLY PLACE AROUND THESE PARTS WHERE WATER IS AVAILABLE!
I DROPPED BY BILL DURKO'S PLACE LAST NIGHT! TOOK A FEW WATER CASKS ALONG.... AND FILLED 'EM UP!
WAL, I'LL BE HOGTIED! BULL DURKO'S BEEN SUPPLYING THE WATER.... AND HE NEVER EVEN KNOWED IT!
BUT DURKO KNOWS NOW THAT THERE'S A "NEW" WATERHOLE TO SUPPLY PEOPLE'S NEEDS! UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, HE AND HIS RANNIES WILL BE SHOWING UP SOON TO PUT US OUT OF BUSINESS!
THE FIRST RAYS OF THE MOON ARE SILVERING THE LAND WHEN BULL DURKO AND HIS HENCHMEN ARRIVE....
THE FOOLS DIDN'T EVEN LEAVE ANYBODY ON GUARD! DUMP IN THE POISON, BOYS! NOBODY'LL GIT ANY MORE FREE WATER FROM THIS SPOT!
8

SEEN ENOUGH, SHERIFF?
I SHORE HAVE! BULL DURKO IS A SKULKIN' POLECAT WHO DESERVES TO BE HUNG!
THOSE ARE MY SENTIMENTS TOO! REACH, DURKO!
ULP! IT'S A TRAP!
THEY WON'T TAKE US WITHOUT A FIGHT! START SHOOT....
OWWW!
BANG! BANG!
BANG!
WHANNG!
GRAB COVER! THEY'RE GONNA SHOOT IT OUT!
UHHH!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
THEY WOUNDED THE SHERIFF! OTHERS WILL BE HURT TOO, IF THIS GUNFIGHT KEEPS UP! I'VE GOT TO END IT QUICKLY!
AND THERE'S NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT! THESE CASKS OUGHT TO KEEP THEM TOO BUSY TO SHOOT FOR A FEW SECONDS!
AS THE WATER CASKS TUMBLE DOWN...
HEY!
EEEOW!
LET'S GO!
9

DESPERATELY THE OUTLAWS RALLY FOR BATTLE! BUT WITH *WILD BILL PECOS* LEADING THE WAY, THE ISSUE IS NOT LONG IN DOUBT!

CRASH! SOCK! WHAM! ZOWIE! CRACK

DURKO'S RUNNING AWAY! HE KNOWS THE GAME IS UP!

SWIFTLY THUDDING HOOVES STRIKE ACROSS THE PLAINS, BUT MIGHTY *WIDOWMAKER* GAINS WITH EVERY STRIDE...

@★!?$%! I'LL PUT LEAD INTO THAT HORSE!

WIDOWMAKER!

BANG!

THAT LOW-DOWN COWARDLY COYOTE! *WIDOWMAKER* ISN'T BADLY HURT! BUT ANY HOMBRE WHO'D SHOOT A HORSE OUGHT TO BE.... *WHAT'S THAT?*

ROAR!

GOOD GLORY!

ROARRRRRR!

YIIIII!

NO ONE CAN SAVE BULL DURKO NOW! A TORRENT OF WATER POURED THROUGH THIS OLD RIVER BED! I RECKON *NUGGETS NUGENT* SUCCEEDED IN GETTING THOSE INJUNS TO DIVERT ONE OF THEIR MOUNTAIN STREAMS!

LATER... NOW THAT *WIDOW-MAKER'S* RECOVERED, WE CAN HIT THE TRAIL AGAIN! IT SHORE LOOKS LIKE THE DROUGHT IS OVER NUGGETS

CONSARN IT, BILL! NATURE JEST GOES FROM ONE EXTREME TO THE OTHER! EITHER WE GIT NO RAIN AT ALL, OR TOO ★!$@? MUCH OF IT!

END

The TRUTH about

EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
ITCHY SCALP, DANDRUFF
HEAD SCALES, SEBORRHEA

HAIR LOSS

WARNING! The following facts are brought to the attention of the public because of a widespread belief that nothing can be done about hair loss. This belief has no basis in medical fact. Worse, it has condemned many men and women to needless baldness by their neglect to treat certain accepted causes of hair loss.

There are six principal types of hair loss, or *alopecia*, as it is known in medical terms:

1. Alopecia from diseases of the scalp
2. Alopecia from other diseases or from an improper functioning of the body
3. Alopecia of the aged (senile baldness)
4. Alopecia areata (loss of hair in patches)
5. Alopecia of the young (premature baldness)
6. Alopecia at birth (congenital baldness)

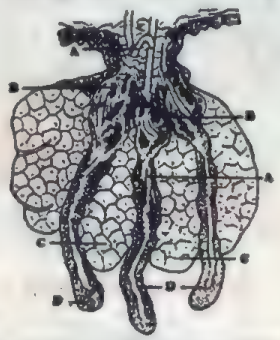
Senile, premature and congenital alopecia cannot be helped by anything now known to modern science. Alopecia from improper functioning of the body requires the advice and treatment of your family physician.

BUT MANY MEDICAL AUTHORITIES NOW BELIEVE A SPECIFIC SCALP DISEASE IS THE MOST COMMON CAUSE OF HAIR LOSS.

DANGER SYMPTOMS! This disease is called Seborrhea and can be broadly classified into two clinical forms with the following symptoms:

1. ***DRY SEBORRHEA:*** The hair is dry, lifeless, and without gloss. A dry flaky dandruff is usually present with accompanying itchiness. Hair loss is considerable and increases with the progress of this disease.

2. ***OILY SEBORRHEA:*** The hair and scalp are oily and greasy. The hair is slightly sticky to the touch and has a tendency to mat together. Dandruff takes the form of head scales. Scalp is usually itchy. Hair loss is severe with baldness as the end result.



DESTRUCTION OF HAIR FOLLICLES
Caused By Seborrhea
A — Dead hairs; B — Hair-destroying bacteria; C — Hypertrophied sebaceous glands; D — Atrophic follicles.

Many doctors agree that to NEGLECT these symptoms of DRY and OILY SEBORRHEA is to INVITE BALDNESS.

Seborrhea is believed to be caused by three germ organisms — staphylococcus albus, pityrósporum ovale, and acnes bacillus.

These germs attack the sebaceous gland causing an abnormal working of this fat gland. The hair follicle, completely surrounded by the enlarged diseased sebaceous gland, then begins to atrophy. The hair produced becomes smaller and smaller until the hair follicle dies. Baldness is the inevitable result. (See illustration.)

But seborrhea can be controlled, particularly in its early stages. The three germ organisms believed to cause seborrhea, can and should be eliminated before they destroy your normal hair growth.

A POST WAR DEVELOPMENT Comate Medicinal Formula kills these three germ organisms on contact. Proof of Comate's germ-killing properties has been demonstrated in laboratory tests recently conducted by one of the leading testing laboratories in America. (The complete report is on file and copies are available on request.)

When used as directed, Comate Medicinal Formula controls seborrhea—stimulates the flow of blood to the scalp—helps stop scalp itch and burn—improves the appearance of your hair and scalp—helps STOP HAIR LOSS due to seborrhea. Your hair looks more attractive and alive.

You may safely follow the example of thousands who first were skeptical, then curious, and finally decided to avail themselves of Comate Medicinal Formula.

A Few of the Many Grateful Expressions by Users of Comate Medicinal Formula

"My hair was coming out for years and I tried everything. Nothing stopped it until I tried Comate. Now my hair has stopped coming out. It looks so much thicker. My friends have noticed my hair and they all say it looks so much better." —Mrs. R.E.J., Stevenson, Ala.

"Your hair formula got rid of my dandruff; my head does not itch any more. I think it is the best of all of the formulas I have used."—E.E., Hamilton, Ohio.

"Your formula is everything you claim it to be and the first 10 days trial freed me of a very bad case of dry seborrhea." —J.E.M., Long Beach, Calif.

"I do want to say that just within five days I have obtained a great improvement in my hair. I do want to thank you and the Comate Laboratories for producing such a wonderful and amazing formula."—M.M., Johnstown, Pa.

"I have found almost instant relief. My itching has stopped with one application."—J.N., Stockton, Calif.

"My hair looks thicker, not falling out like it used to. Will not be without Comate in the house."—R.W., Lonsdale, R. I.

"I haven't had any trouble with dandruff since I started using Comate."—L.W.W., Galveston, Tex.

"This formula is everything if not more than you say it is. I am very happy with what it's doing for my hair." —T.J., Las Cruces, New Mexico

"I find it stops the itch and retards the hair fall. I am thankful for the help it has given me in regard to the terrible itchiness."—R.B.L., Philadelphia, Pa.

Today these benefits are available to you just as they were to these sincere men and women when they first read about Comate. If your hair is thinning, over-dry or over-oily—if you are troubled with dandruff with increasing hair loss—you may well be guided by the laboratory tests and the experience of thousands of grateful men and women. Remember, if your hair loss is due to Seborrhea, Comate CAN and MUST help you. If it is due to causes beyond the reach of Comate Medicinal Formula, you have nothing to lose because our GUARANTY POLICY assures the return of your money unless delighted. So why delay when that delay may cause irreparable damage to your hair and scalp. Just mail the coupon below.

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1432 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

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☐ Enclosed find $5.00, Fed. tax incl. (Check, cash, money order.) Send postpaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman $5.00 plus postal charges.

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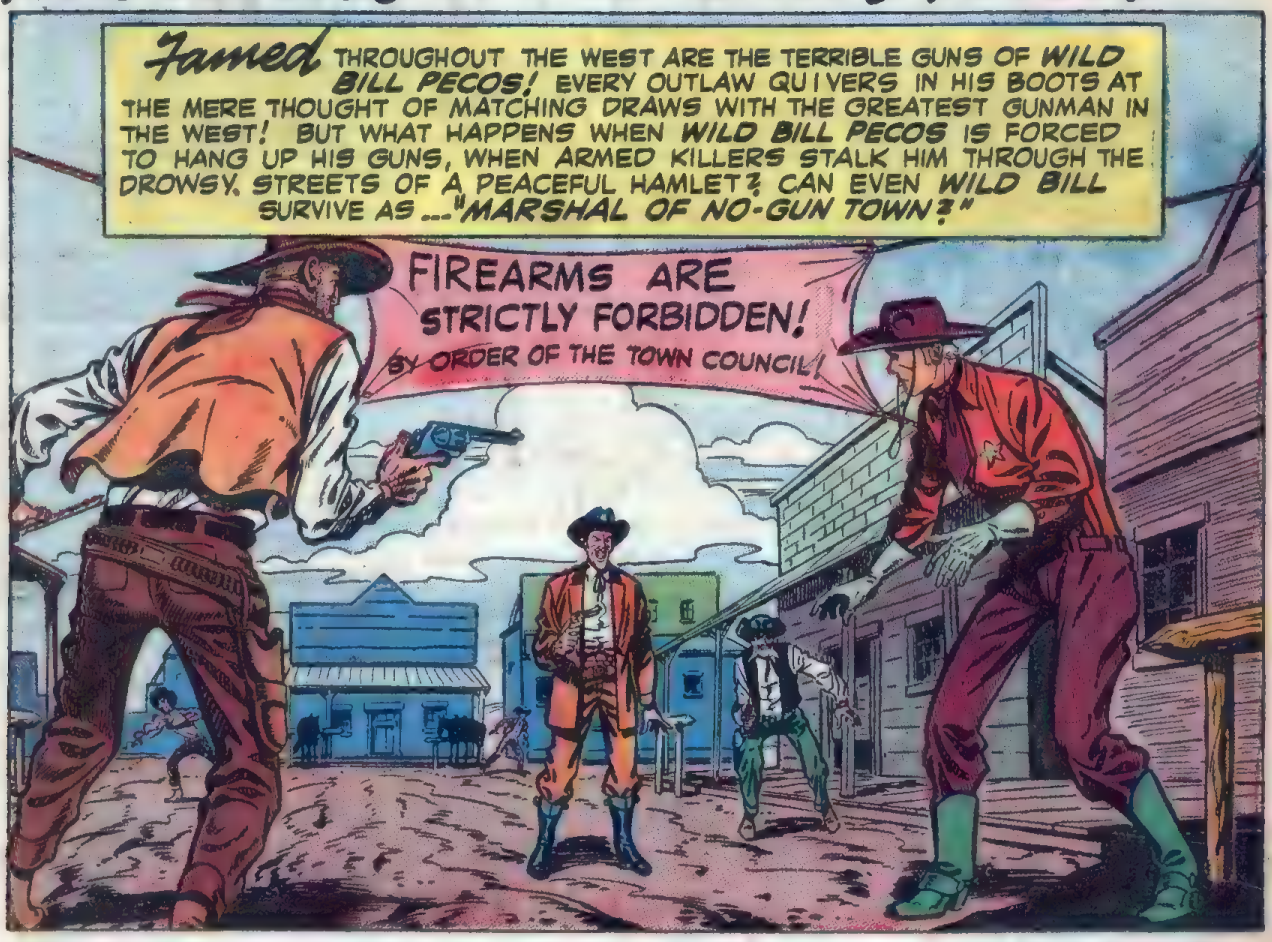
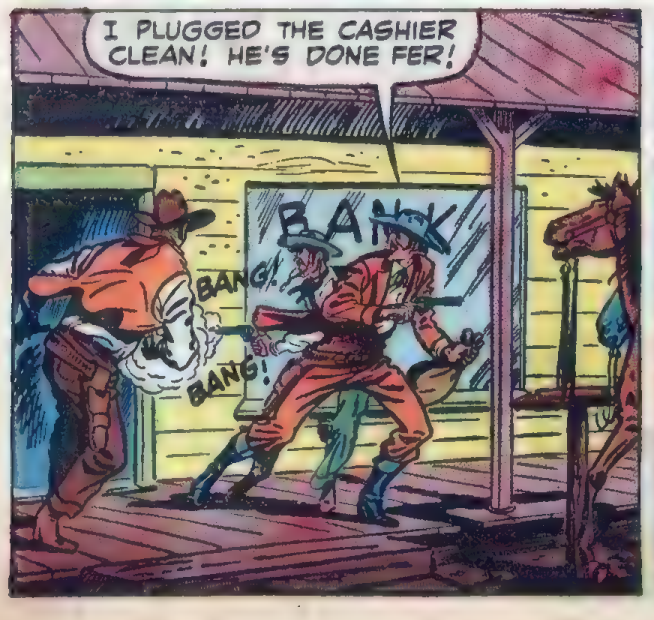
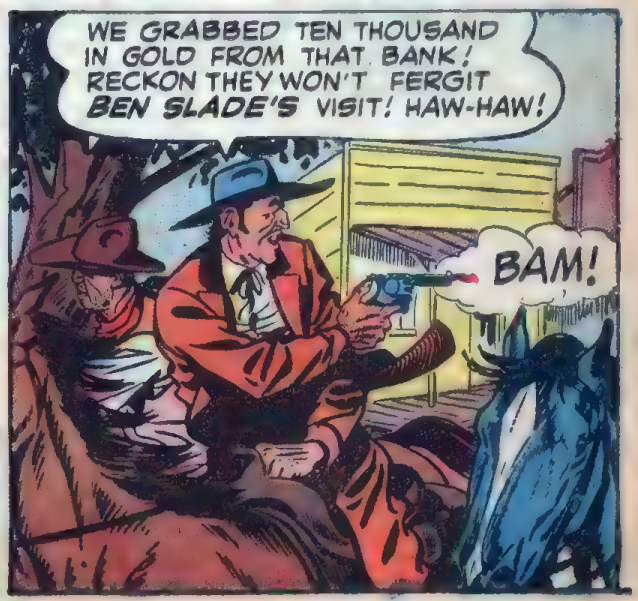
WILD BILL PECOS

in "Marshal of No-Gun Town"



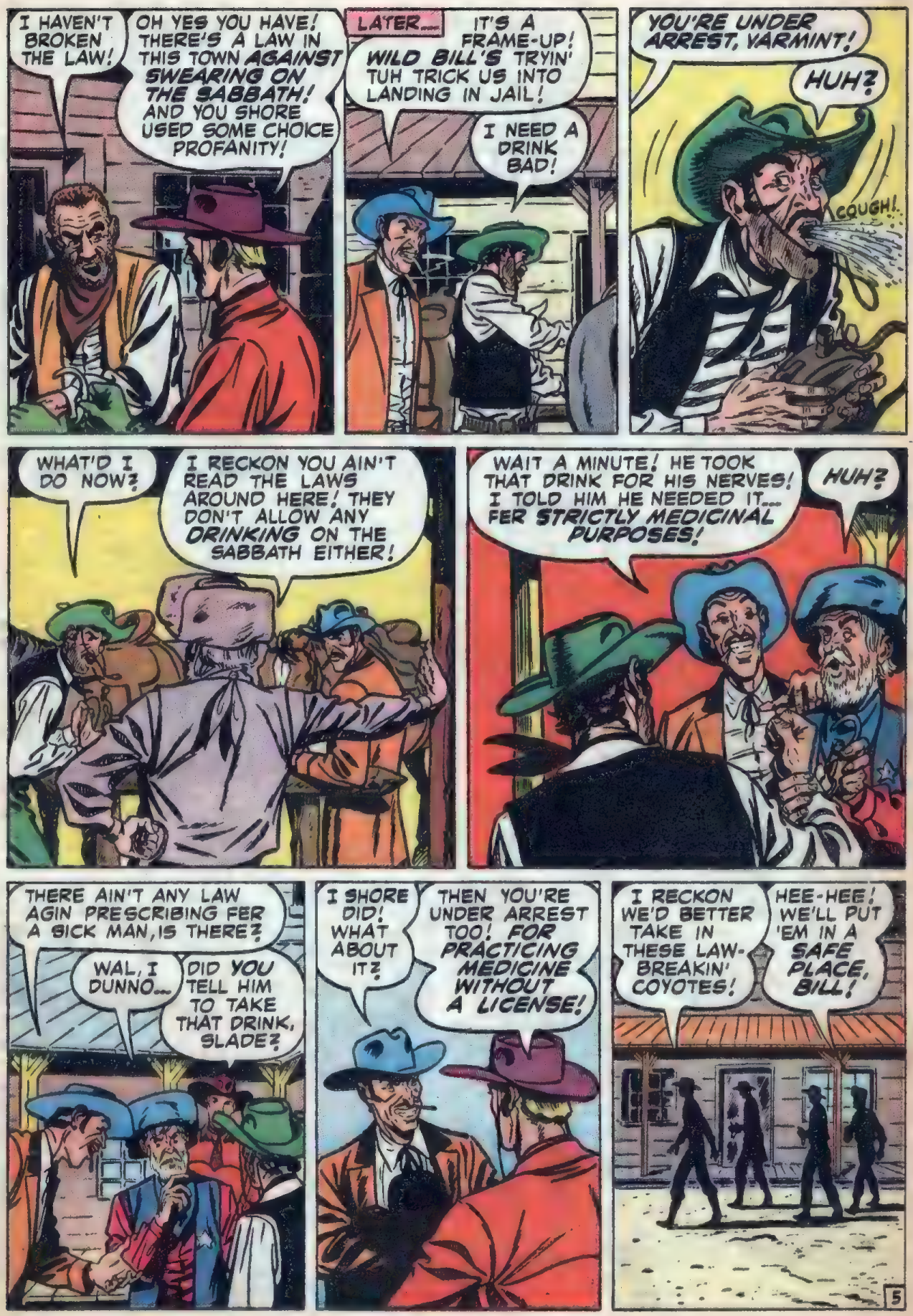




BUT THE SHOOTING ATTRACTS THE ATTENTION OF WILD BILL PECOS AND HIS SADDLE PAL, NUGGETS NUGENT!
THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE STATE BORDER! LET'S RIDE!
YOU HEARD HIM, GERONIMO!
HOTEL
SCRATCH DUST, YUH BANDY LEGGED OLE GLUEPOT!
THEY'VE GOT A GOOD HEADSTART!
THE GROUND-EATING STRIDES OF MIGHTY WIDOWMAKER AND DOUGHTY GERONIMO SOON NARROW THE DISTANCE!
BAM
BANG!
BANG!
THEY'RE GAININ' ON US!
SHALL WE STOP AND SHOOT IT OUT, SLADE?
DON'T BE A FOOL! THAT BIG HOMBRE IS WILD BILL PECOS!
ZING!
WILD BILL? (SOB!) WE'RE AS GOOD AS DEAD MEN!
DON'T GIVE UP YET! ANOTHER MILE AND WE'LL BE ACROSS THE STATE BORDER!
AS BEN SLADE AND HIS OUTLAWS CROSS THE STATE BORDER...
YOU'RE RIGHT WELCOME HERE, FRIENDS! BUT YOUR GUNS AREN'T WELCOME!
HUH? WHAT KIND OF A TOWN IS THIS?
WELCOME TO PEACEVILLE
WE ARE PEACE-LOVING FOLK WHO BUILT THIS TOWN AS A REFUGE FOR FRIENDS WHO BELIEVE AS WE DO! NONE OF OUR CITIZENS ARE ALLOWED TO CARRY FIREARMS! SUCH WEAPONS ARE ONLY AN INCITEMENT TO VIOLENCE!

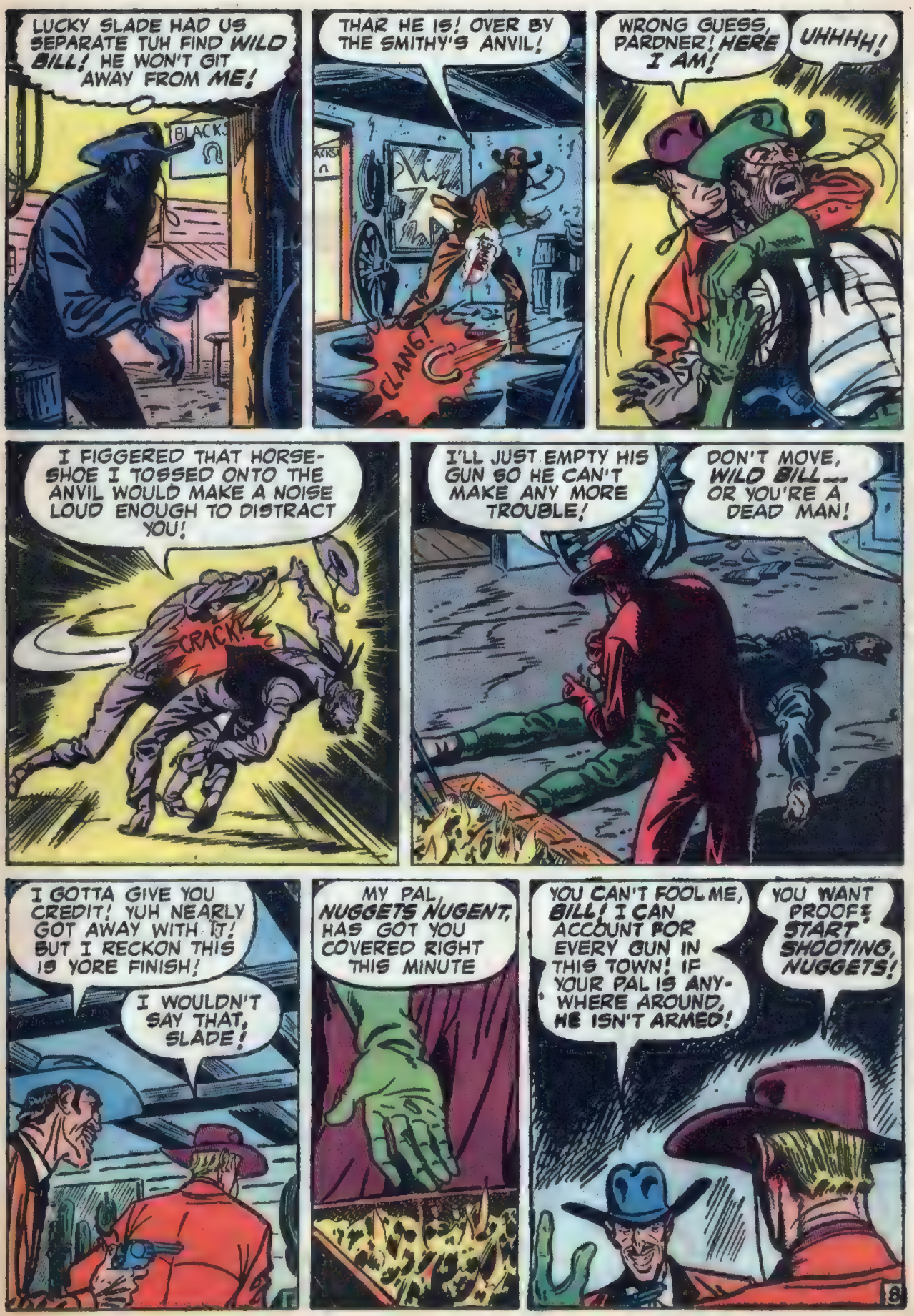
I'D JEST LIKE TO SEE ANY HOMBRE TRY TUH TAKE AWAY, MY GUN!
NOW DON'T BE HASTY! MEBBE HE'S GOT THE RIGHT IDEA!
I RECKON THE SAME LAW HOLDS FER HIM TOO!
YOU'RE ALL THROUGH, SLADE!
YOU GOT ACROSS THE BORDER! BUT YOU HAVEN'T ESCAPED FROM ME! GO FOR YOUR GUN!
WHO...ME? I'M A PEACE-LOVIN' HOMBRE!
WELCOME TO PEACEVILLE
SEE? I JEST CHECKED MY GUN... PERMANENT!
I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT I MUST ASK YOU TO TURN IN YOUR SHOOTING IRONS! NO FIREARMS ARE PERMITTED! IT'S THE LAW IN THIS TOWN!
YUH AIN'T GONNA DO IT, ARE YUH, BILL?
OF COURSE! THE LAW IS THE LAW, NUGGETS!
BUT THOSE RANNIES JEST ROBBED A BANK IN TWIN PINES! WE CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY SCOT-FREE!
YOU'LL HAVE TO TALK TO THE TOWN COUNCIL ABOUT THAT!
@*#!? I FEEL NEKKID WITHOUT MY SMOKEPOLE!
LATER IN THE TOWN COUNCIL ROOM...
SINCE THE ROBBERY WAS COMMITTED IN ANOTHER STATE, I'M AFRAID WE HAVE NO JURISDICTION!
BUT THE BANK CASHIER WAS KILLED! DON'T HIS KILLERS DESERVE PUNISHMENT?
3

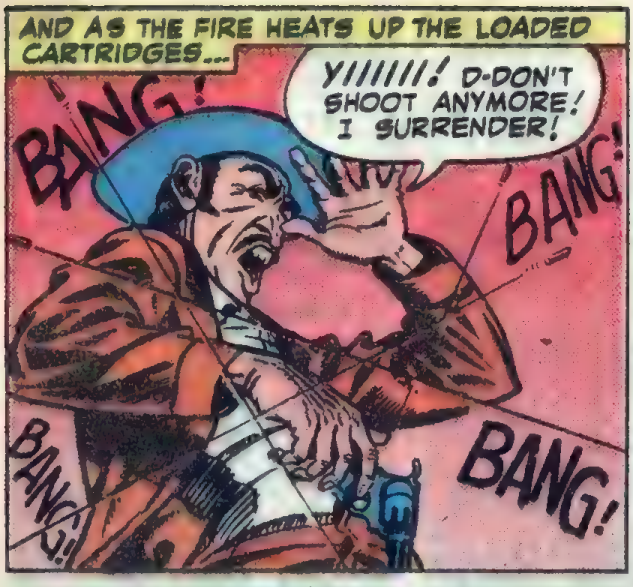
THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT... UNLESS THEY BREAK THE LAWS OF OUR COMMUNITY! WE ARE NOT USED TO DEALING WITH SUCH MEN! BUT IF YOU WOULD LIKE THE JOB OF TOWN MARSHAL...
I ACCEPT... GLADLY! PROVIDED I CAN HAVE NUGGETS NUGENT HERE AS MY DEPUTY!
AGREED!
DOGGONE, BILL! WHUT'S THE SENSE OF BEIN' LAW-MEN IF WE CAN'T EVEN KEEP OUR GUNS TO DEFEND THE LAW?
WE'RE STARTING OUT EVEN WITH BEN SLADE AND HIS COYOTE PALS! THEY HAVEN'T ANY GUNS EITHER!
YOU KIN BE ALMIGHTY SHORE THOSE GALOOTS WON'T BREAK ANY LAWS IN PEACEVILLE! THEY KNOW WE CAN'T TAKE 'EM BACK UNLESS THEY STOP BEHAVING THEMSELVES HERE!
IT IS A PERFECT HIDEOUT!
BUT I RECKON THAT AS TOWN MARSHAL, I'LL BE ABLE TO FIND SOME REASON FOR PUTTING THEM IN THE JUG!
HEE-HEE! I OPINE YOU WILL AT THAT, PARDNER!
THE NEXT DAY...
SHORE WAS A FINE FEED, EH, BOYS?
HEH-HEH! I'M GONNA LIKE STAYIN' IN PEACEVILLE! AIN'T NOBODY KIN MAKE TROUBLE FER US HERE!
TSK-TSK!
WHY, YUH @#*?!?!!
MISTER, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
HUH? YUH CAN'T ARREST ME! THIS WHISKERED #?*!? NANNYGOAT TRIPPED ME!
4

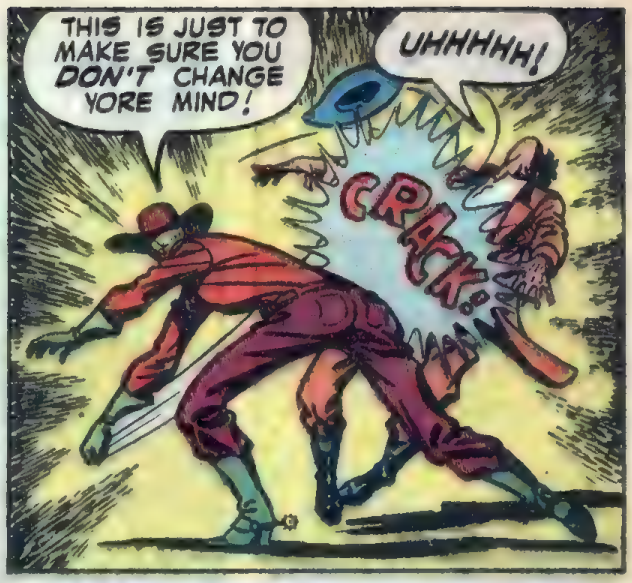

I HAVEN'T BROKEN THE LAW!
OH YES YOU HAVE! THERE'S A LAW IN THIS TOWN AGAINST SWEARING ON THE SABBATH! AND YOU SHORE USED SOME CHOICE PROFANITY!
LATER....
IT'S A FRAME-UP! WILD BILL'S TRYIN' TUH TRICK US INTO LANDING IN JAIL!
I NEED A DRINK BAD!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, VARMINT!
HUH?
COUGH!
WHAT'D I DO NOW?
I RECKON YOU AIN'T READ THE LAWS AROUND HERE! THEY DON'T ALLOW ANY DRINKING ON THE SABBATH EITHER!
WAIT A MINUTE! HE TOOK THAT DRINK FOR HIS NERVES! I TOLD HIM HE NEEDED IT... FER STRICTLY MEDICINAL PURPOSES!
HUH?
THERE AIN'T ANY LAW AGIN PRESCRIBING FER A SICK MAN, IS THERE?
WAL, I DUNNO...
DID YOU TELL HIM TO TAKE THAT DRINK, SLADE?
I SHORE DID! WHAT ABOUT IT?
THEN YOU'RE UNDER ARREST TOO! FOR PRACTICING MEDICINE WITHOUT A LICENSE!
I RECKON WE'D BETTER TAKE IN THESE LAW-BREAKIN' COYOTES!
HEE-HEE! WE'LL PUT 'EM IN A SAFE PLACE, BILL!
5

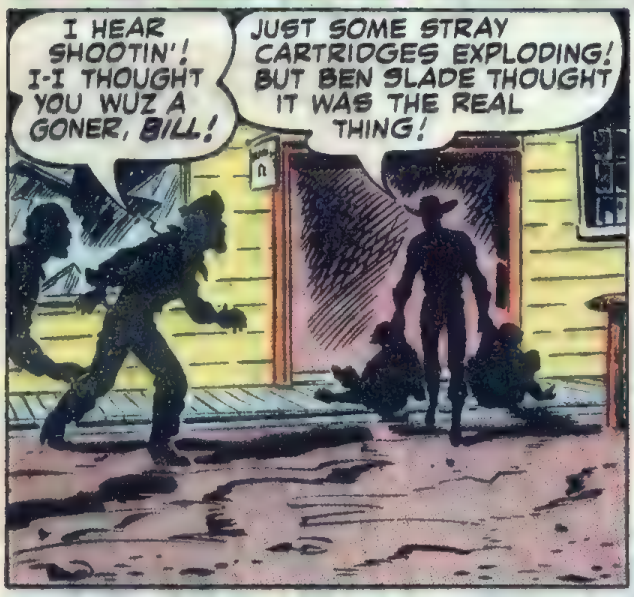
LATER...
WILD BILL SHORE OUTSMARTED YOU HOMBRES! NOW THAT YORE JAILBIRDS, WILD BILL CAN GET PERMISSION TUH TAKE YUH BACK TO TWIN PINES!
GULP!
HE'S RIGHT, BOYS! WE'VE GOTTA MAKE A BREAK!
IF THEY TAKE US BACK, WE'LL END UP DANGLIN' FROM A ROPE!
SAY, PARDNER, THAT'S A MIGHTY INTERESTIN' PIECE OF WHITTLEWORK! CAN I SEE IT UP CLOSE?
YUH LIKE IT? IT'S S'POSED TUH BE MY HOSS, GERONIMO!
YOU'VE GOT REAL TALENT, HOMBRE! EVER THOUGHT OF DOIN' THIS FER MONEY?
WAL, NO! BUT...
OHHH!
THE DANGED IDJET FELL FOR IT, BOSS!
I GOT HIS KEYS
MOMENTS LATER...
THIS TOWN AIN'T SAFE FER US ANYMORE! WE'LL PICK UP A GRUBSTAKE AND HEAD FOR MEXICO!
WE'LL NEED OUR GUNS, SLADE!
YORE RIGHT! ONCE WE'RE ARMED, THERE AIN'T AN HOMBRE IN TOWN WHO CAN STAND UP AGAINST US!
MEANWHILE...
YOU WIN, WILD BILL! HERE ARE THE LEGAL PAPERS GIVING YOU THE RIGHT TO TAKE THOSE MEN BACK WITH YOU!
THANKS, COUNCILM... WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
6

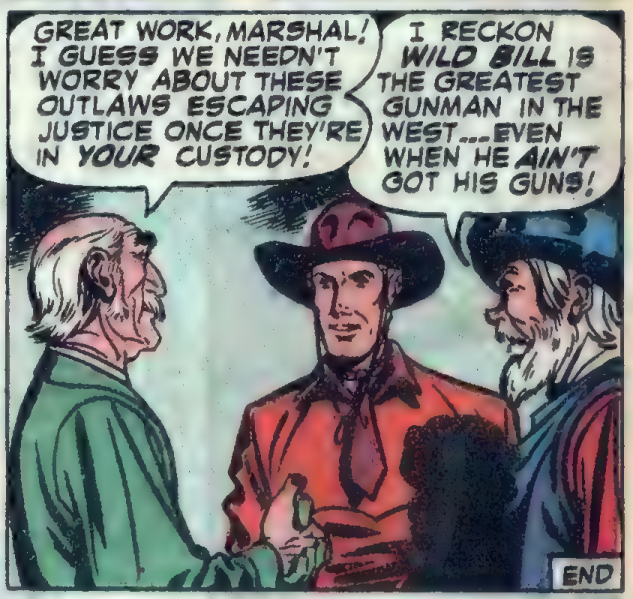
CONSARN IT, BILL! SLADE AND HIS RANNIES BROKE JAIL! DOGGONE NEAR THROTTLED ME DOING IT!
AND THEY'VE STOLEN ALL THE GUNS FROM THE STOREROOM!
THEY'VE ALREADY ROBBED THE TOWN BANK, BILL! YOU AIN'T GOT A PRAYER GOIN' AFTER THEM WITHOUT YORE GUNS!
I'VE GOT TO DO IT! THERE'S NO OTHER WAY!
THEN BEGINS THE GRIMMEST GUN-STALK OF WILD BILL PECOS' CAREER! ALONE AND UNARMED, HOW CAN HE MATCH BEN SLADE AND HIS KILLERS...
SUDDENLY!
NEARLY GOT ME! I RECKON I'LL NEED THAT BARREL!
BANG!
BANG!
HAW-HAW! YUH CAN'T GET ME WITH THAT ROLLIN' BARREL STUNT! COME OUT AND FIGHT!
BANG!
THAT'S JUST WHAT I AIM TO DO!
EEEEYOWW! HE WAS HIDDEN IN THAT BARREL!
TOO BAD YOU FIRED YOUR LAST BULLETS! I COULD HAVE USED YOUR GUN!
AS THE SECOND OF SLADE'S HENCHMEN OPENS FIRE...
I'D BETTER TAKE COVER!
BLACKSMITH
7


LUCKY SLADE HAD US SEPARATE TUH FIND WILD BILL! HE WON'T GIT AWAY FROM ME!
BLACKS
THAR HE IS! OVER BY THE SMITHY'S ANVIL!
CLANG!
WRONG GUESS, PARDNER! HERE I AM!
UHHHH!
I FIGGERED THAT HORSE-SHOE I TOSSED ONTO THE ANVIL WOULD MAKE A NOISE LOUD ENOUGH TO DISTRACT YOU!
CRACK!
I'LL JUST EMPTY HIS GUN SO HE CAN'T MAKE ANY MORE TROUBLE!
DON'T MOVE, WILD BILL... OR YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!
I GOTTA GIVE YOU CREDIT! YUH NEARLY GOT AWAY WITH IT! BUT I RECKON THIS IS YORE FINISH!
I WOULDN'T SAY THAT, SLADE!
MY PAL NUGGETS NUGENT, HAS GOT YOU COVERED RIGHT THIS MINUTE
YOU CAN'T FOOL ME, BILL! I CAN ACCOUNT FOR EVERY GUN IN THIS TOWN! IF YOUR PAL IS ANY-WHERE AROUND, HE ISN'T ARMED!
YOU WANT PROOF? START SHOOTING, NUGGETS!
8









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It's loaded with *hard-hitting, straight-shooting* Western stories...

And

You'll *thrill* to the trigger-fast action of THE GREATEST GUNMAN IN THE WEST...

WILD BILL PECOS!

On sale next month at your favorite Newsstand!

The PHANTOM BUGLE
A Legend of The West
An Army post in the heart of the Indian Territory during the restless autumn of 1874, after the Custer Massacre! And even then, a legend was growing...
GOSH, IT'S SPOOKY HERE -- SO QUIET!
WHIST, LAD! IT MAY BE QUIET, ALL RIGHT -- BUT OUT THERE ON THE PRAIRIE, THERE'S PLENTY HAPPENIN'. THOSE SIOUX DEVILS AIN'T SLEEPIN'!
YOU MEAN -- MEBBE THEY'RE PREPARIN' TO ATTACK US?
AYE, LAD! THEY'LL ATTACK US, RIGHT ENOUGH! BUT THEY WON'T SURPRISE US! WE'LL BE WARNED IN TIME! THE PHANTOM BUGLE WON'T LET US DOWN!
WHAT'S -- THE -- PHANTOM BUGLE?
OH, I FORGOT! YOU'RE NEW HERE! YOU NEVER HEARD ABOUT THE BUGLER BOY OF CUSTER'S SEVENTH CAVALRY!
AYE, 'TIS QUITE A TALE, LAD! I'LL SPIN THE YARN! IT'LL HELP PASS THE LONESOME HOURS WE HAVE ON THIS POST! LISTEN, LAD...
"The Seventh was headin' for the LITTLE BIG HORN, and a showdown with SITTING BULL..."
THE TROOPS MUST MOVE FASTER! KEEP UP WITH THE SCOUTS!
BUT, GENERAL CUSTER... THE MEN AND HORSES ARE TIRED!
THOSE ARE MY ORDERS, BUGLER BOY! GALLOP AHEAD AND CONTACT THE LEAD SCOUTS! TELL THEM TO INCREASE THEIR PACE!
YES, SIR!
I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THINGS! TOO QUIET! I FEEL AS THOUGH THE SIOUX ARE IN THE HILLS ALL AROUND!
"An' just a moment later, the poor Bugler Boy got it!"
AAAAH!

"By the time the boy came to, the battle was over! He didn't know it, but Custer's entire Seventh Cavalry was dead—killed by the Sioux!"

MUST WARN THE TROOP! MUST--WARN--THE--TROOP!

"Faithful to his duty, the dying BUGLER BOY raised his trumpet, and with his remaining strength, blew 'TO ARMS!'"

THIS--WILL--WARN--THEM!

"Meanwhile, rescue parties had come up! Too late, of course, to help the main body!"

OVER THERE! MAYBE THERE'S SOME SURVIVORS! UNSLING YOUR CARBINES AND FOLLOW ME!

THE POOR LAD! LOOKS LIKE HE TRIED TO WARN THEM--BUT TOO LATE!

A PITY THAT SUCH LOYALTY SHOULD GO TO WASTE! LET'S GET, GOIN', MEN! THERE'S STILL A LOT OF WORK TO DO!

NOW, FOLKS SAY THAT, WHENEVER TROOPERS ARE IN DANGER, THEY HEAR THE ALERT CALL ON THE PHANTOM BUGLE!

WHEW! DO--DO YOU BELIEVE IT?

AYE, LAD! THERE ARE MANY STRANGE THINGS THAT HAPPEN! BUT WE NEED NOT FEAR THEM FOR THE PHANTOM BUGLE WILL SOUND THE ALARM, AN' KEEP US SAFE! YES, LAD--I BELIEVE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM, EXPECTIN' ME TO SWALLOW A STORY LIKE THAT? I GUESS HE'S GONE A LITTLE BATTY, BEIN' OUT HERE SO LONG!

HE'S NOT CRAZY, SOLDIER--FAR FROM IT!

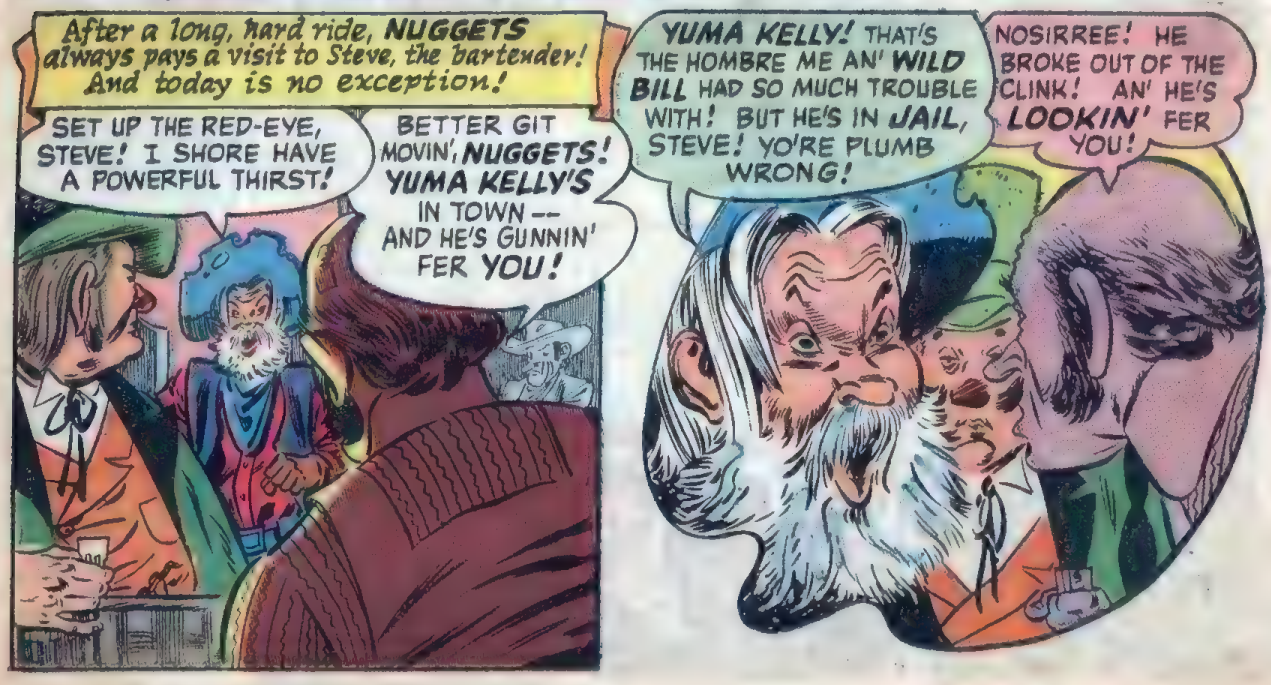
YOU SEE--HE WAS IN THE RELIEF COLUMN THAT RODE TO THE RESCUE OF CUSTER! HE HEARD THE BUGLE SOUNDIN' "TO ARMS!" THAT'S WHY HE BELIEVES!

And the legend has it that time and again through the years, the clear notes of the PHANTOM BUGLE warned troopers of approaching Indian attacks--and enabled them to successfully drive off hostile Indian onslaughts!

NUGGETS NUGENT

'Good-Luck Charm'

NOTHING phases **FEARLESS NUGGETS NUGENT!** Neither bullets nor threats can drive him off, especially when he knows that **LADY LUCK** is on his side! And that is why **NUGGETS** takes out a policy of luck insurance for himself when he latches onto **NUGGETS NUGENT'S GOOD LUCK CHARM!**



ULP! WILD BILL'S A HUNDRED MILES FROM HERE! RECKON I'LL HAVE TUH HANDLE YUMA MUHSELF!
YUMA IS ONE MEAN HOMBRE, NUGGETS! GIT GOIN'!
AHH--AIN'T IT MY LUCK TO GIT A DEAL LIKE THIS! IT'S MY ROTTEN LUCK!
THAT'S IT, FRIEND, LUCK! BUT FOR TEN SILVER DOLLARS, I CAN GUARANTEE THAT YOU HAVE GOOD LUCK!
WHUT DO YUH MEAN, MISTER?
DOCTOR, FRIEND! I'M DR. PHINEAS RUMPEL! I DEAL IN MEDICINES OF THE MIND AND THE BODY! SEE THIS LITTLE BRACELET? IT'S THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD!
HUH? LOOKS LIKE AN ORDINARY INJUN BRACELET TUH ME!
BOHUNKUM, THE GREAT INJUN MEDICINE MAN CAST A SPELL ON THIS BRACELET! NO HARM CAN COME TO ITS WEARER! IT'S YOURS, FRIEND -- FOR TEN CART-WHEELS!
HMMPH! I DON'T BELIEVE IN CHARMS, PARDNER!
MISTER! HOW DO YOU KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN IN THE NEXT SECOND?
And in the next second--there is a sharp crack of rifle fire!
NOTHIN' KIN HAPPEN TUH-- ULP!
DUCK! IT'S YUMA KELLY, SHOOTIN' UP THE TOWN!
SMASH!
ZINNNNG
WHEW! THET WUZ CLOSE! D-DID YOU SAY TEN DOLLARS?
THAT'S WHAT I SAID, FRIEND! NOT FIFTY--NOT EIGHTY--BUT TEN! YOU'LL NEVER REGRET THIS, FRIEND! IT'S THE GEN-U-WINE ARTICLE!
2

And soon...
SEE WHAT I MEAN, NUGGETS? YUMA AIN'T FOOLIN'! YUH BETTER GIT!
DON'T RECKON SO, STEVE! I'M GOIN' AFTER YUMA!
YOU'RE CRAZY, NUGGETS! YOU'LL GIT KILLED!
HMMPH! I GOT A CHARMED LIFE, STEVE! I AIN'T AFEERED O' NO MAN NOW!
NUGGETS! YOU GONE LOCO? COME BACK!
RECKON THE BEST PLACE TO LOOK FOR KELLY IS THE RED DOG GAMBLING HALL! EVERYBODY GOES THAR! AN' THAT'S WHAR I'M HEADIN'!
The Red Dog Gambling Hall...
MIND IF I DEAL MYSELF INTO THIS HAND, MISTER?
NOPE! YOU KIN LOSE YORE MONEY AS WELL AS THE NEXT ONE!
But, exactly one hour later...
THAT DOES IT, GENTS! I'D LIKE TUH CASH IN MUH CHIPS! GOT IMPORTANT BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!
WHY, YUH PLUMB CLEANED US OUT! RECKON YOU'RE JEST LUCKY, MISTER!
YES, SIR! I GOT ME A GOOD LUCK CHARM THAT WORKS! NO DOUBT ABOUT IT!
NO ONE TAKES THAT KIND O' WINNINGS OUT O' THE RED DOG! GO GIT HIM, BOYS!
3

HMMM -- YUMA KELLY DIDN'T SHOW! RECKON I'LL MOSEY AROUND AN' LOOK FER HIM! AHH -- THET'S A MIGHTY PURTY LITTLE KITTEN!
KITTY--KITTY--KITTY --HERE, KITTY!
SMASH!
POW!
NOW WHAT COULD O' HAPPENED TO THOSE HOMBRES! THEY SHORE MUST SERVE POWERFUL LIKKER IN THE RED DOG! SAY! I JEST SAW THEM INSIDE!
RECKON THEY WUZ A-GOIN' TUH CLUB ME DOWN TUH GIT MUH WINNIN'S! BUT THEN I BENT DOWN TO PET THE KITTY, AN' --THE BRACELET! THAT'S IT! THE BRACELET SAVED ME!
YES, SIR! NOBODY CAN BEAT OL' NUGGETS NOW! I'LL SHOW 'EM ALL! WHY, WITH THE BRACELET, THERE'S NO TELLIN' WHUT I KIN DO! NOTHIN' KIN STOP ME NOW!
Suddenly!
ELEVATE YORE PAWS AN' TURN AROUND SLOW! REAL SLOW, MISTER!
S-S-URE!!
>ULP!< YUMA KELLY!
THAT'S RIGHT, NUGENT! YOU AN' ME ARE GOIN' TO HAVE A SHOW-DOWN! I AIN'T FORGOT WHAT YOU DID TO ME! NOBODY SENDS YUMA KELLY TO JAIL -- AN' LIVES!
4

BUT I ALLUS GIVE A MAN HIS CHANCE! YOU AN' ME ARE GOIN' TUH HAVE A SHOOT-OUT BACK O' THE LIVERY STABLE!
ULP! F-FAIR 'NUFF!
BUT YOU'RE A GONER, PARD! I'M THE BEST GUN-SLINGER IN THE COUNTY! YOU'RE A-GOIN' TUH WIND UP IN BOOT-HILL!
HE DON'T KNOW I GOT MUH BRACELET! HE CAIN'T HURT ME!
Back of the livery stable...
DRAW WHEN YOU'RE READY, MISTER! AN' REMEMBER -- ONLY ONE SHOT APIECE!
OKAY! NOW!
Nervous, NUGGETS fires -- and MISSES!
YOU MISSED, NUGENT! NOW IT'S MY TURN!
ULP! IT D-DIDN'T EVEN TOUCH HIM!
ZINNNNNGG
I'LL DRILL YUH CLEAN! I'LL... OHHHH!
YAHOO! I KNOWED IT! MUH LUCKY CHARM SAVED ME! THE SHERIFF KIN HAVE 'IM NOW!
Later, after NUGGETS delivers YUMA to the sheriff...
IT TOOK PLENTY OF COURAGE TO STAND UP TO YUMA IN A DUEL, NUGGETS! HE'S A CRACK SHOT!
BUT HE COULDN'T HURT ME! YUH SEE, I GOT THIS MAGIC CHARM! IT'S THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD!
SAY! ARE YOU KIDDIN', NUGGETS? TAKE A LOOK OVER YONDER!
HUH?
"CHARMED NAVAJO BRACELET" WITH EVERY PURCHASE OF DR. RU... HAIR RESTORER
SHORE! YOU WERE SWINDLED! THAT BRACELET'S A FAKE! IT'S--- SAY, NUGGETS!
AN' I -- I -- THOUGHT IT WUZ A G-GOOD LUCK CHARM! OHHHH ---

Wagons of Doom

They blamed young Tom Farley for the tragedy that struck the wagons at Three Rivers. They said he was careless, and unworthy of the trust that had been given him.

"Who ever heard of a wagon master leaving his train?" Big Ed Cooper growled.

"Yeah," said Luke Harris, "He still has his scalp. But the others—".

The two men fell silent. No one in the Three Rivers Territory liked to remember what had happened only a few days before. More than fifty men and women had fallen under the vicious Sioux attack.

Anger and fear ran equally among the settlers in this Kansas frontier. They seethed with anger at the ruthlessness of the assault, and they were afraid that the blood-crazy Sioux would pass the war belt, and spread the flames of war across the whole frontier.

It was easy to blame Tom Farley for the wagon train disaster. When the attack had come, Tom was nowhere around. The confused, bewildered settlers fought back hard. But they were without leadership, and each man tried to defend his own wagon rather than unite for common defense. If the wagon-master had been at his post, this would not have happened.

Ed Cooper straightened up. He tugged at his gun belt, settling it more comfortably on his hip. The rangy, black-haired giant was chief deputy sheriff of Three Rivers. Luke Harris wore the gleaming five-pointed star on his chest. Between them, they represented all the law and order that was needed.

Ed said, "Reckon it's time to bring him over to the court, don't you, Luke?"

"It's time, all right," said Luke.

They crossed the dusty street and entered a small building. Luke produced a ring of keys, carefully selecting one. He opened a stout oak door which led into a barren room. On a stool, head down, dejected, sat a young man.

He lifted his head when they came in. His eyes were sad with deep circles under them, as if he had not slept for a few nights.

"Up on your feet, Tom," the sheriff said.

Tom Farley rose slowly. He was more than six feet tall, with blonde hair, and a high cheek-boned face. His skin was golden brown, burnished to copper color by exposure to the prairie sun.

"I'm ready," Tom said.

"I'm warnin' you, Tom," Luke said, "that jury won't go lightly on you. Folks around here is mighty sore for what happened."

"There's nothing for me to do but take my medicine," Tom said. "Folks have a right to be angry. I wasn't at my post. I left them folks to their fate."

"Don't tell it to us," Big Ed cut in, "We ain't the judge an' jury. If you're guilty, it ain't our affair. We're just here to see you get a fair trial".

Tom didn't answer. He held his wrists out to the sheriff. But Luke grinned, "No need for the bracelets, Tom. You won't try nothin'. And if you do—" Luke patted the heavy forty-four that hung low on his hip. "If you do, boy—you won't git far."

The three men walked up the street to a ramshackle building. A weather-beaten sign labelled the place as "The Lariat". It was a combination music hall, saloon and gambling den owned by Faro Jack Evans, a shrewd, unscrupulous gambler, whose past was a well-kept secret.

There were some who said Jack Evans was a half-breed, and had lived among the Sioux for many years. Others claimed he had been captured by Indians when he was a baby. Nobody knew for sure. But everyone did know that Jack Evans had gone off into Indian Territory for long periods of time. He never spoke of his trips. No one ever asked him, because Evans' derringer had already taken four lives since he set up "The Lariat" two years earlier.

It was here that Tom's trial was to be held. The scene in the music hall was confusing. Every able-bodied man in Three Rivers was present. "Doc" Parker presided, acting as judge, and a non-descript jury grinning and spitting tobacco juice waved to acquaintances in the jam-packed hall.

It wasn't much of a trial. Tom's only defense was that a rider had come up with a message requesting Tom to ride ahead and contact a cavalry convoy.

"I accepted it in good faith," Tom said, "and followed the rider. I figured he was a civilian scout with the cavalry. I'd given orders for the wagon train to follow. When suddenly my guide whirled and dropped me with a shot. It creased my head. I came to after a bit and went back to the wagons. Everybody was dead."

The story was greeted with howls of derision. Shouts of "Lynch him!" went up. But the big deputy sheriff soon silenced them by drawing his gun and covering the crowd.

"I'll plug the first man who moves," he shouted.

Nobody moved because they knew that Big Ed meant it. Gradually, the crowd quieted down. The trial was about to resume, when a crackle of shots rang out in the street. The saloon door was flung open, and a man with a smoking pistol in his hand, stumbled through the door. His face was white, his clothes dust-covered. There was blood on his clothes.

"Sioux!" he gasped. "Headin' this way. An' . . . they're led by a white man."

Bedlam broke out again. But the sheriff restored order by pounding on the table. He questioned the stranger, "Who are you, mister?"

"Tarrant, wagon-master. I was leadin' a convoy of migrants. A rider came up an' told me some soldiers wanted to see me. I followed him. He plugged me, an' I conked out. Come to, an' went back to the wagon. They was dead . . . all of 'em."

It was the same story Tom Farley had told.

The man went on, "I started ridin' hard for Three Rivers, when I seen the Injuns. There was a white man ridin' up with the chief."

"A white man? I wonder—"

Tom Farley said, "Where's Faro Jack Evans? I don't see him around."

"That's right," said Big Ed.

"No time for palaver," the sheriff said, "We'll have to fight. Figure the best thing is to hit them from the outskirts of town. Ambush them as they come by the dry-gulch."

Men were already moving. Guns were checked, rifles loaded, and extra ammunition gathered as the men of Three Rivers prepared to defend their homes.

Tom Farley said, "Let me have a gun, Sheriff."

Luke handed the prisoner a brace of pistols. "I'll be watchin' you, Tom. . . .

The men crouched in the dry-gulch outside town. It was a perfect place for an ambush. The trail narrowed down and horsemen would be crowded in bunches.

The Sioux came on. At their head rode a white man. It was Faro Jack. Alongside him, cantered a man in the dress of a civilian scout.

"Sheriff," Tom whispered," that's the rider who brought the message that led me away from my train. Is he the man, Tarrant?"

"Yeah," the other wagon-master whispered tensely.

"Don't shoot till I give the signal said the sheriff. He raised his hand, and waiting patiently, allowed the entire band of Sioux to enter the trap. His hand dropped in a downward arc.

The battle was over in ten seconds. Winchesters and Colts shattered the silence. The Sioux never had a chance. They were swept from their saddles at the first blast. Only the groans of the wounded and the neighing horses remained of the doughty warriors.

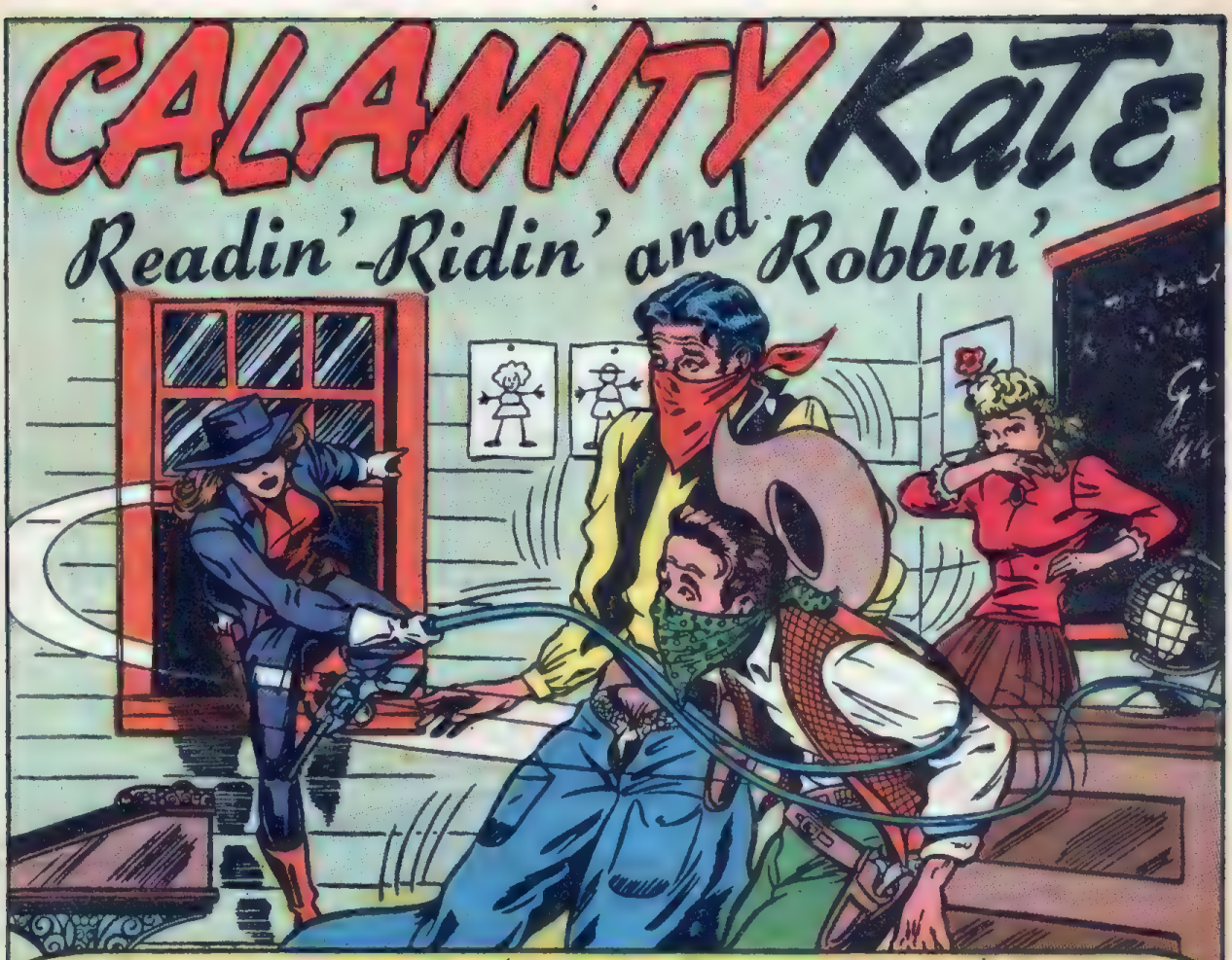
Tom and the Sheriff bent over the shattered form of Jack Evans. He was still alive. He said, "Almost made it. Hate you all. I'm Indian. Me an' my brother, destined to be leaders of the Sioux nation. I . . . "

He died but the mystery was cleared. Tom Farley was vindicated. He could walk among his fellows, stalwart and tall. The brand of the coward was erased forever.

He had earned it in one ambush, and wiped it away in another.

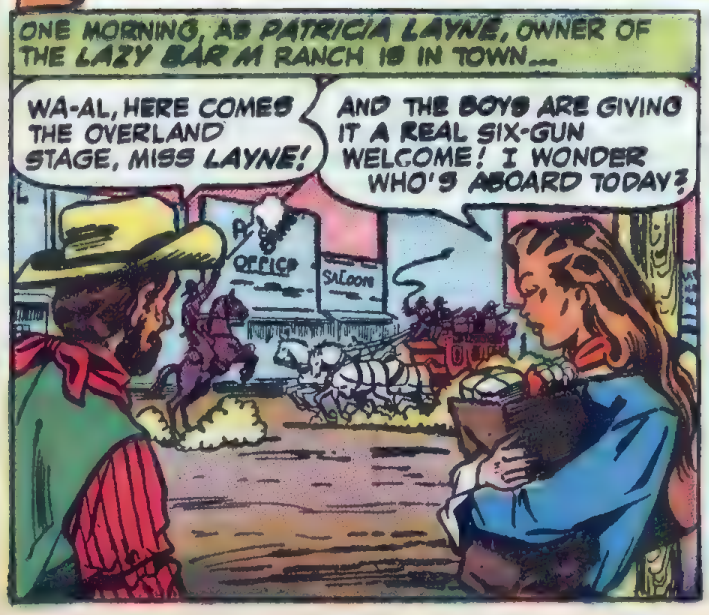
CALAMITY KATE

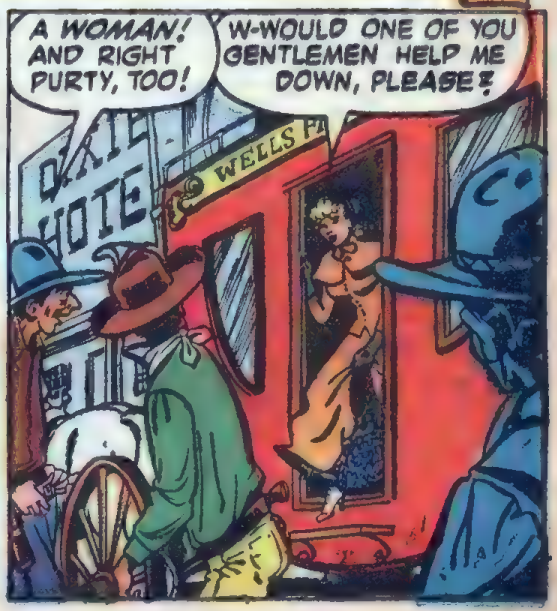
Readin'-Ridin' and Robbin'



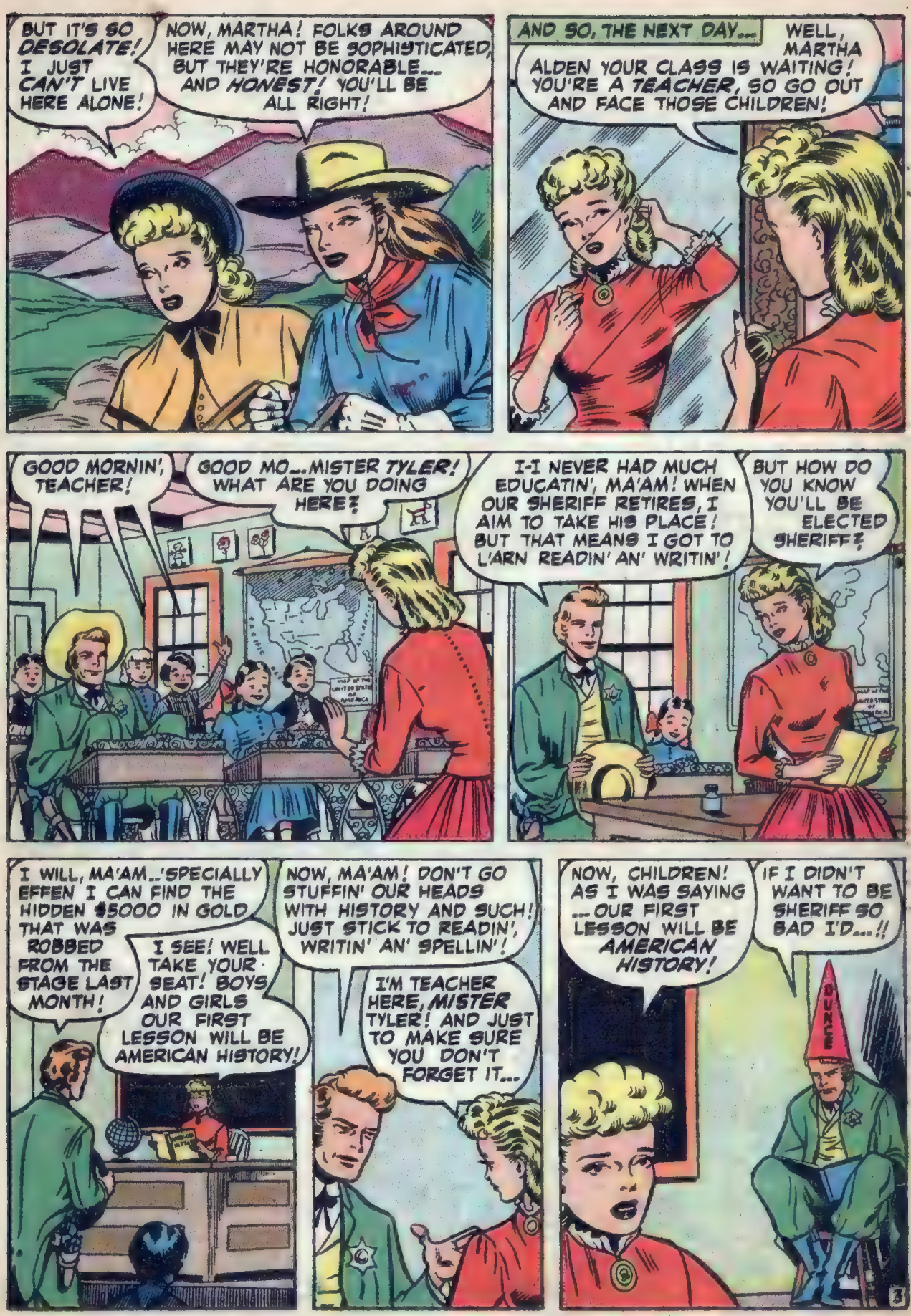
SHE WAS A SCHOOLTEACHER FROM THE EAST...PRETTY, SENSITIVE AND *LADY-LIKE!* HE WAS A DEPUTY SHERIFF OUT WEST... A ROUGH-AND-READY *GUNFIGHTER!* THE *LADY* AND THE *COWBOY*...*SHE* KNEW ABOUT *HISTORY*...*HE* KNEW ABOUT A *MYSTERY!* BUT NEITHER OF THEM COULD KNOW THAT *CALAMITY KATE* WOULD RIDE INTO THEIR LIVES WHEN SHE TOOK TO THE TRAIL OF A *NEW* KIND OF PUPIL...A PUPIL WHOSE MAIN STUDIES WERE...

readin'-ridin' and robbin'





JUS' TAKE MY HAND, LI'L LADY, AN...
SORRY TO INTERRUPT, ACE! BUT I WANT THAT MONEY YOU WON FROM OL' TOLIVER BY CHEATIN' AT BLACKJACK!
SALOON
DON'T TRY DRAWIN' AN IRON ON ME, ACE!
OH! HOW BRUTAL!
SOCK!
SOMETIMES IT'S MY JOB TO BE "BRUTAL", AS YOU CALL IT MA'AM! I'M THE DEPUTY SHERIFF, JEFF TYLER! WHO MIGHT YOU BE?
MARTHA ALDEN! I'M THE NEW SCHOOL TEACHER!
I THOUGHT THE WEST WAS ROMANTIC, MISS LAYNE! BUT THESE MEN ARE GUNMEN AND RUFFIANS!
NOW, HONEY, MAYBE YOU'RE JUST TIRED! YOU'LL SEE THINGS DIFFERENTLY AFTER YOU REST UP! COME ALONG WITH ME!
A TEACHER, GANTRY! THAT'S SOMETHIN' WE DIDN'T FIGGER ON!
YEAH! AN' AFTER THAT OLD SCHOOL HOUSE AIN'T HAD A SOUL IN IT FOR OVER TWO YEARS!
SALOON
BEER
WE GOTTA DO SOMETHIN', PRONTO!
PLENTY O' TIME, PETE! THAT NEW SCHOOL MARM IS AFRAID OF HER OWN SHADOW!
THAT'S THE SCHOOL HOUSE, MISS LAYNE? OUT HERE IN THIS WILDERNESS?
WE HAD TO BUILD THE SCHOOL IN A CENTRAL SPOT HANDY TO ALL THE RANCHES, MARTHA! YOU'LL GET USED TO IT!
2


BUT IT'S SO DESOLATE! I JUST CAN'T LIVE HERE ALONE!
NOW, MARTHA! FOLKS AROUND HERE MAY NOT BE SOPHISTICATED, BUT THEY'RE HONORABLE... AND HONEST! YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!
AND SO, THE NEXT DAY...
WELL, MARTHA ALDEN YOUR CLASS IS WAITING! YOU'RE A TEACHER, SO GO OUT AND FACE THOSE CHILDREN!
GOOD MORNIN', TEACHER!
GOOD MO...MISTER TYLER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I-I NEVER HAD MUCH EDUCATIN', MA'AM! WHEN OUR SHERIFF RETIRES, I AIM TO TAKE HIS PLACE! BUT THAT MEANS I GOT TO L'ARN READIN' AN' WRITIN'!
BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW YOU'LL BE ELECTED SHERIFF?
I WILL, MA'AM..'SPECIALLY EFFEN I CAN FIND THE HIDDEN $5000 IN GOLD THAT WAS ROBBED FROM THE STAGE LAST MONTH!
I SEE! WELL TAKE YOUR SEAT! BOYS AND GIRLS OUR FIRST LESSON WILL BE AMERICAN HISTORY!
NOW, MA'AM! DON'T GO STUFFIN' OUR HEADS WITH HISTORY AND SUCH! JUST STICK TO READIN', WRITIN' AN' SPELLIN'!
I'M TEACHER HERE, MISTER TYLER! AND JUST TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T FORGET IT...
NOW, CHILDREN! AS I WAS SAYING ...OUR FIRST LESSON WILL BE AMERICAN HISTORY!
IF I DIDN'T WANT TO BE SHERIFF SO BAD I'D...!!
DUNCE
3

LATER...
I TELL YOU, THAT FEMALE CRITTER IS PLUMB SPITEFUL! HISTORY LESSON, EH? I GOT A MIND TO TEACH HER A LESSON SHE WON'T FORGET!
TEE-HEE!
BARNABY'S SALOON
DIXIE HOTEL
THAT NIGHT, AS PATRICIA LAYNE RIDES OUT TO VISIT MARTHA AT THE SCHOOL HOUSE...
THAT'S MARTHA ALDEN! RECKON SHE'S IN TROUBLE!
EEEEEEE! HELP!
OKAY, CALAMITY KATE! YOU CAN'T LET ANOTHER FEMALE DOWN!
PLEASE STAY AWAY!
WE DON'T WANT NO SCHOOL MARM STUFFIN' OUR KIDS' HEADS WITH HISTORY AN' STUFF! SO GIT! BY TOMORROW WE WANT TUH SEE THIS PLACE EMPTY!
A CLASSROOM'S JUST THE PLACE TO TEACH YOU COYOTES A LESSON... IN MANNERS!
WHA...?, CALAMITY KATE!
JUST SO YOU WON'T FORGET THIS LESSON! YOU'D BETTER WRITE IT IN INK!
YOW!
I CAN'T SEE!
CRACK!
HERE'S A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY! THE WORLD'S A BIG PLACE, SO START HEADING FOR SOME OTHER TERRITORY!
WHI-I-PP!

I AIN'T ARGUIN' WITH THAT WILDCAT! C'MON!
HECK, THAT KATE AIN'T NO CALAMITY! SHE'S A CATASTROPHE!
GUNMEN! RUFFIANS! AND NOW MASKED WOMEN WHO FIGHT WITH WHIPS! I WON'T STAY IN THIS WILD COUNTRY ANOTHER MINUTE!
STOP THOSE HYSTERICS! I'LL BE BACK AFTER I HAVE A TALK WITH SOMEBODY IN TOWN!
JEFF TYLER! HOW LOW CAN YOU GET? SENDING MASKED MEN TO FRIGHTEN THAT SCHOOL MARM!
CALAMITY KATE! WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?
YOU DIDN'T SEND ANY MEN?
'COURSE NOT! SHUCKS, I WAS JUST BLOWIN' OFF STEAM! I'D BETTER EXPLAIN TO THAT GIRL RIGHT AWAY! COME ON, CALAMITY, LET'S RIDE OVER THAR!
MEANWHILE, NOT FAR FROM THE SCHOOL HOUSE....
WE'D O' DONE FINE, BOSS, BUT THAT CALAMITY KATE STAMPEDED US!
CALAMITY KATE IS A SMART GAL! SHE MAY GET WISE TO US! WE'D BETTER GET THAT SCHOOL MARM OUT O' THAR RIGHT NOW! COME ON!
MEANWILE, IN THE SCHOOL HOUSE....
SHUCKS, MA'AM! MAYBE I AM KIND O' ROUGHNECK! BUT I WOULDN'T DO NOTHIN' TO HARM YUH!
I-I KNOW! I'M SORRY! I SAID YOU WERE BRUTAL, JEFF! BUT YOU'RE NOT, REALLY!
OHO!
CALAMITY KATE BROUGHT DEPUTY TYLER HERE! THAT MEANS SHE DID FIGGER THINGS OUT! WE CAN'T LET THEM GIT OUT O' THERE ALIVE! START SHOOTIN', BOYS!

BUSHWHACKERS! DUCK!
INSIDE! QUICK!
BANG!
ZING
THEY SHORE GOT US AMBUSHED! BUT WE KIN HOLD 'EM OFF AWHILE! THIS SCHOOL HOUSE IS AS GOOD AS A FORT!
BANG!
"FORT"_"AMBUSH"! JUST LIKE ROGERS AND CLARK! BUT THEY DID IT! THEY ESCAPED!
WHO? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
I-I WAS JUST THINKING OUT LOUD! WHEN THE EXPLORERS ROGERS AND CLARK, WERE AMBUSHED BY INDIANS, THEY BEAT THEM WITH A TRICK!
JEFF, MAYBE YOU'RE GOING TO LEARN A HISTORY LESSON AFTER ALL!
BANG!
BANG!
LOOK! THEY'RE A TRYIN' TUH GIT AWAY IN THAT CANOE!
HAW! THEY WON'T GIT FAR! I'LL FILL 'EM FULL O' LEAD!
SO LONG, CALAMITY KATE! I NEVER SHOT AT A PURTIER TARGET! HAW-HAW!
I'M HIT! UGHHH!
BANG!
BAM!
BAM!
CALAMITY TIPPED OVER THE CANOE WHEN SHE FELL! NOW WE KIN STAND ON THE BANK AN' PICK OFF TYLER AN' THE SCHOOL MARM WHILE THEY'RE SPLASHIN' AROUND!
6

I LOST ME A GOOD SOMBRERO AND SHIRT, BUT IT WAS WORTH IT!
JEFF TYLER!
OW!
YI!
BANG!
TYLER, YUH TRICKED ME SOMEHOW, BUT I— YII-III!
CALAMITY KATE! SHE CAME BACK FROM TH' D-DEAD!
SNAP!
LIE DOWN, YOU LOWDOWN SNAKES!
CRACK!
THEIR CLOTHES ARE DRY! THEY DIDN'T TAKE A SOAKIN'! CALAMITY KATE RIGGED UP TWO DUMMIES!
RIGHT! BECAUSE I MOVED, YOU THOUGHT THEY WERE ALIVE! WHEN YOU SHOT, I DUCKED, YELLED— AND TIPPED THE CANOE TO BRING YOU INTO THE OPEN!
LATER— GANTRY CONFESSED! LOOK WHAT HE HAD CACHED IN THE SCHOOL-HOUSE! GOLD! THE $5000 STOLEN FROM THE STAGE!
NO WONDER HE WANTED ME TO LEAVE! HE WAS AFRAID I'D ACCIDENTALLY FIND IT!
WA-AL, MA'AM, YOUR HISTORY DID THE TRICK! RECKON I'VE GOT A LOT TUH LEARN!
ME, TOO! AND, JEFF PLEASE CALL ME MARTHA!
YES, MA'AM!
HMM! RECKON WE'LL BE NEEDIN' ANOTHER TEACHER SOON! LOOKS LIKE MARTHA'S INTEREST IN TEACHING HAS NARROWED DOWN TO JUST ONE PUPIL!
END

THERE MUST BE A REASON..

why these "3" MAGAZINES are published twice as often as most comic books! There must be a reason why the readers of these BIG "3" of comic books write in thousands of letters of appreciation!

AND THERE IS PLENTY OF REASON..

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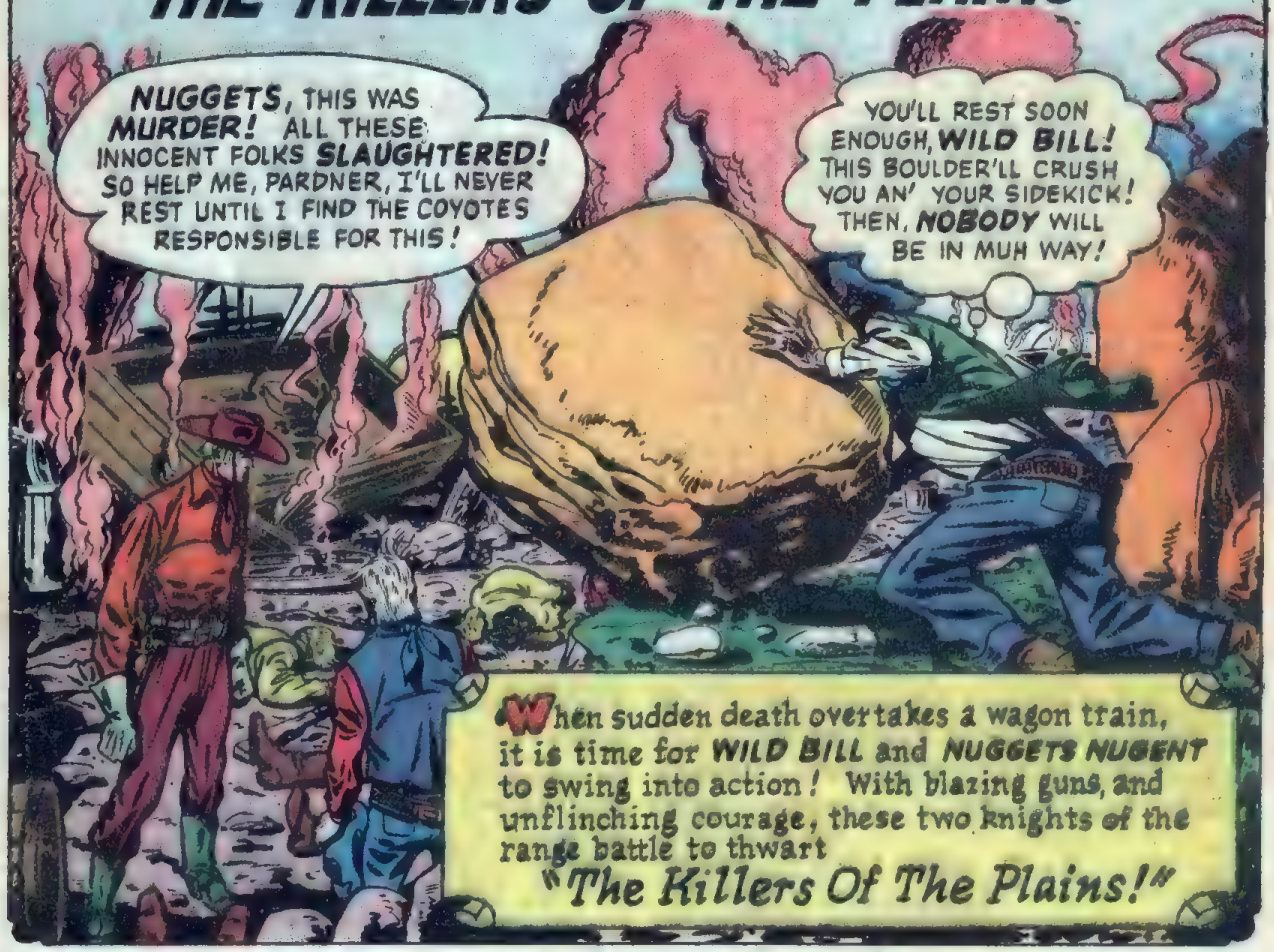
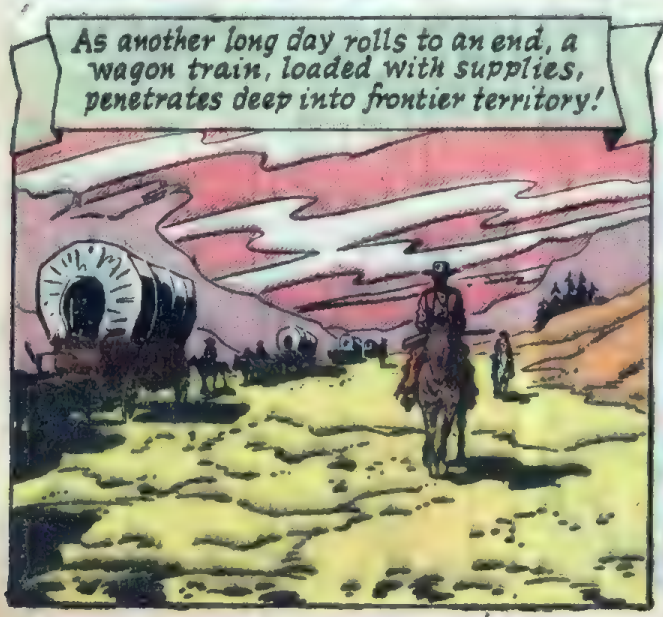
It's time you found out for yourself why they're known as **THE BIG "3"!**

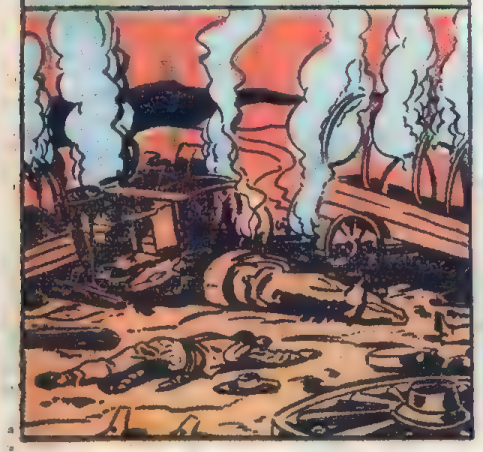
WILD BILL PECOS

"THE KILLERS OF THE PLAINS"

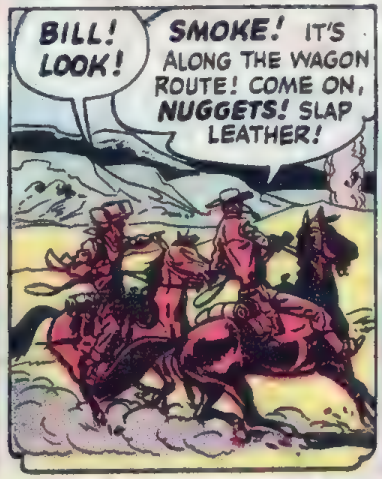


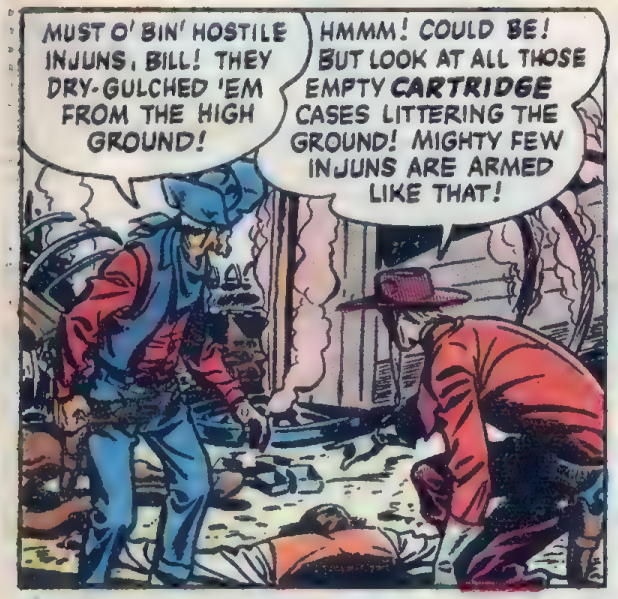


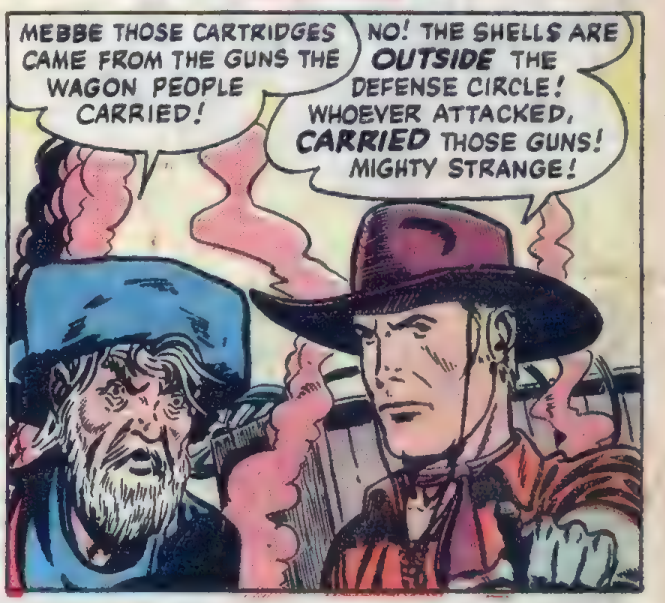
And so the travelers bed down for the night! But the next morning, the rising sun illuminates a scene of devastation and horror!

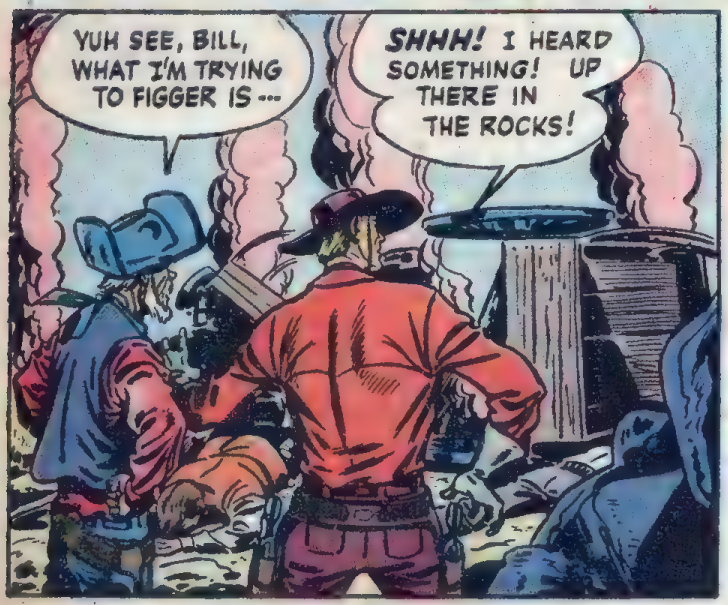


Later... as **WILD BILL PECOS** and **NUGGETS NUGENT** ride along, not far from the scene of the disaster...









IT WAS TERRIBLE -- TERRIBLE! WE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE! THEY WAS ON US IN NO TIME AT ALL, JEST AS WE CAMPED!
EASY, PARD! LET'S HAVE THE WHOLE STORY!
YEAH! WHAT KIND OF INJUNS WAS THEY? PIUTES?
IT WARN'T INJUNS! THEY WUZ WHITE MEN! OUTLAWS, I RECKON!
THAT ACCOUNTS FOR NO SCALPS BEIN' TAKEN! COME ON, NUGGETS! WE'LL TAKE THIS POOR HOMBRE BACK TO THE TRADIN' POST DOWN THE LINE!
BE RIGHT WITH YUH, BILL!
HMMM! MIGHTY INTERESTIN'! RECKON I'LL JEST HANG ONTO IT A WHILE!
UP YOU GO, PARDNER! WIDOW MAKER CAN CARRY DOUBLE! LOOKS AS IF THERE'S NOTHING MORE WE CAN DO HERE!
I'M READY NOW! LET'S TRAVEL, WILD BILL!
ARE -- ARE YOU -- WILD BILL PECOS?
THAT'S RIGHT, PARDNER! WILD BILL PECOS! AND THIS IS MY SIDEKICK -- NUGGETS NUGENT! WHAT'S YOUR HANDLE?
I'M SPIKE JENSEN, WILD BILL! SAY, ARE ALL THOSE STORIES TRUE THET THEY TELL ABOUT YOU?
COULD BE SOME OF THEM ARE, SPIKE! BUT HANG ONTO ME, AND I'LL GET YOU BACK TO THE TRADING POST PRONTO!
3

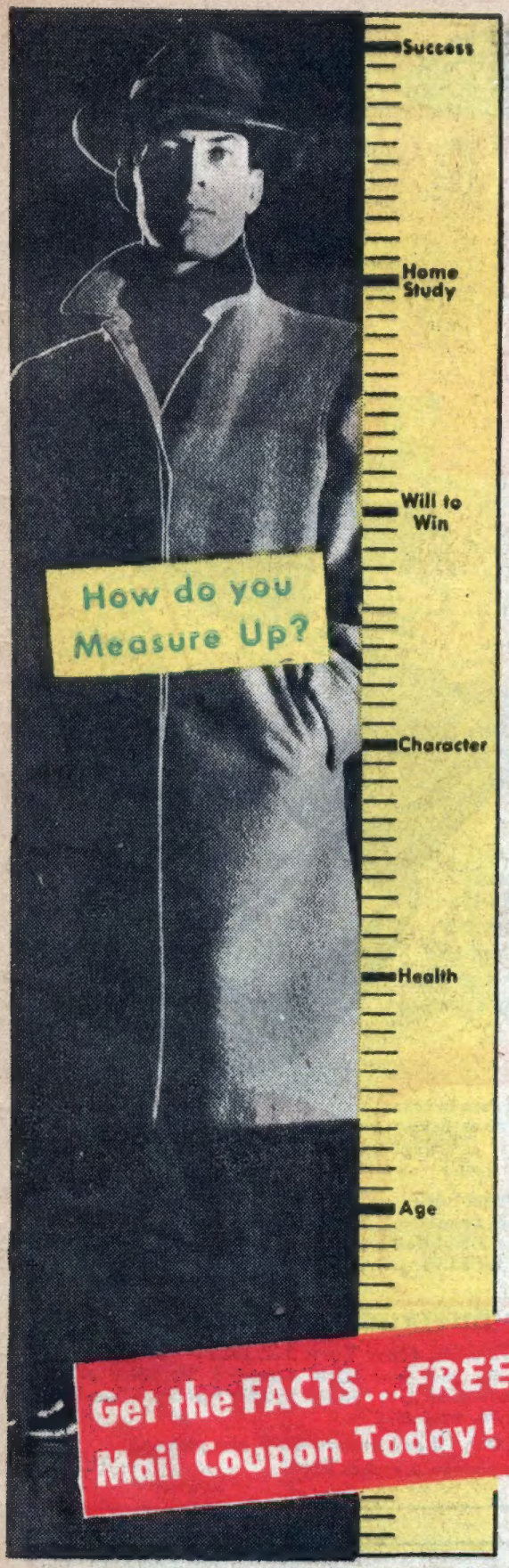
And when the hard-riding trio reaches the Lonesome Wells Trading Post...
SPIKE JENSEN! WHAT IN BLAZES HAPPENED?
THE WAGON TRAIN WAS DRY-GULCHED, MR. WHALEY! I ESCAPED-- BUT LUCKY FER ME, WILD BILL PECOS HERE CAME ALONG THIS MORNIN' AN' FETCHED ME HERE!
BETTER GO INSIDE AND REST, SPIKE! YOU'RE A DEAD BEAT HOMBRE!
THAT'S THE SECOND WAGON TRAIN THAT'S BEEN DESTROYED, WILD BILL! WE JEST CAIN'T SEEM TO GIT THROUGH TO LOST GAP! AN' THE FOLKS THERE NEED SUPPLIES BAD!
YOU SAY THIS HAS HAPPENED BEFORE, WHALEY?
YEP! TWICE SINCE THOSE FOLKS STARTED THE SETTLEMENT AT LOST GAP A MONTH AGO! SOMEBODY DON'T WANT THEM TO SURVIVE!
IT'S BEEN MIGHTY SAD FOR PORE SPIKE, GOIN' THROUGH TWO MASSACRES LIKE THAT!
HMMM... SO SPIKE JENSEN WAS IN THE OTHER WAGON TRAIN MASSACRE, TOO!
YEP! PORE CHAP! LOST HIS OWN WAGON LOAD OF GOODS, TOO! THEM ROTTEN OWL-HOOTERS, MURDERIN' INNOCENT MEN, WIMMEN AND CHILDREN WITHOUT GIVIN' EM A CHANCE!
HOW COME WIMMEN AN' CHILDREN RIDE A SUPPLY TRAIN, WHALEY?
WAAL, THERE'S SO MANY WAGONS COMIN' THROUGH HERE, WE FORM 'EM INTO CONVOYS! NEXT CONVOY'S LEAVIN' IN THREE DAYS! GUESS WE'LL JEST HAVE TO TAKE OUR CHANCES AGAIN!
MAYBE NOT, WHALEY!
SUPPOSE NUGGETS AND I RIDE ALONG WITH THE NEXT WAGON TRAIN? MAYBE WE CAN GET IT THROUGH TO LOST GAP!
YOU, WILD BILL? YOU'RE GOIN' WITH THE CONVOY? WHY, THAT... THAT'S GREAT! MEBBE YOU CAN TAKE IT THROUGH SAFELY!
4

Slowly, the wagon train moves from Lonesome Wells, with Wild Bill and Nuggets in the lead wagon...
RECKON WE'LL BE IN LOST GAP SOON, NUGGETS, IF EVERYTHING GOES THIS WELL! BUT KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!
SHORE, BILL! I --- HEY! LOOK YONDER!
Thundering down the narrow mountain path a runaway wagon draws abreast! Wooden brakes scream a song of protest!
EEYOW! WE'RE GOIN RIGHT OVER THE CLIFF!
Out of control, the runaway careens into WILD BILL'S wagon, splitting the traces!
HANG ON, NUGGETS!
I'M A TRYIN' TUH, BILL! BUT IT AIN'T NO USE! W-WE'RE GONERS!
THERE'S STILL A CHANCE, NUGGETS--PROVIDED MY AIM'S GOOD WITH THIS LASSO!
BILL! YOU NEVER MISSED BEFORE! P-PLEASE D-DON'T START NOW!
With unerring aim, Wild Bill Pecos ropes his target -- a mammoth tree stump!
THERE! THAT DOES IT! THE BOYS'LL GET OUR WAGON BACK ON THE TRAIL AGAIN! BUT I'D SURE LIKE TO KNOW WHOSE HORSES RAMMED INTO US!
YEAH! ME, TOO! I'LL CUSS HIM OUT IN THE FANCIEST LANGUAGE HE EVER HEARD!
WILD BILL! NUGGETS! YOU ALL RIGHT? IT WAS MY FAULT! I ACCIDENTALLY STARTLED A TEAM OF HORSES... AND...
WE'RE OKAY, SPIKE! BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? YOU SURE MADE A SPEEDY RECOVERY AFTER THAT BEATING YOU TOOK!
WAAL, I HAD TO, WILD BILL! YUH SEE I'VE GOT A WAGON-LOAD OF HOUSEHOLD GOODS THE FOLKS IN LOST GAP KIN USE! SO I HAD TUH JOIN THIS TRAIN!
OH! WELL, YOU'RE MIGHTY WELCOME, SPIKE! C'MON! LET'S GET THE WAGON TRAIN MOVIN' AGAIN!

And so the wagon train moves on! But Spike soon makes his presence felt...
COME A TI YI YIPPY YIPPY YAY, YIPPY YAY...
IF I'DA KNOWED SPIKE HAD A GEE-TAR ALONG, I'D NEVER O' LET HIM JINE US, BILL! HE'S DRIVIN' ME LOCO WITH THAT SINGIN'!
TCH, TCH! RECKON YOU DON'T HAVE A MUSICAL EAR, NUGGETS!
YIPPY YAY...
I KNOW THAR'S NO LAW AGIN IT, BUT WHY DOES SPIKE KEEP SINGIN' THE SAME TUNE OVER AND OVER? WE'LL ALL SHORE HATE THAT SONG AFORE THE TRIP IS FINISHED! CONSARN IT!
Day follows endless day, until the train nears the scene of the massacre...
SOMETHIN'S WRONG, BILL! I GOT A FEELING WE'RE BEIN' FOLLERED!
ME TOO, NUGGETS! AND I DON'T LIKE IT! BUT THAT ISN'T ALL! SPIKE JENSEN HASN'T SUNG A NOTE ALL DAY! LET'S HAVE A POWWOW WITH HIM!
WHAT'S WRONG, SPIKE? YOU HAVEN'T GIVEN US A SONG IN SIX HOURS!
WHY, I -- I'M SAVIN' MY VOICE FOR TONIGHT! THEN I'M GOIN' TUH SERENADE THE WHOLE CAMP!
SAY, SPIKE! WE'RE ONLY ABOUT A MILE FROM WHAR THAT OTHER WAGON TRAIN WAS JUMPED! ARE YUH SHORE THAR WUZ NO INJUNS IN THE ATTACKIN' PARTY??
NO! I TOLD YOU BEFORE! IT WAS OUTLAWS! NO INJUNS!
NOW, DON'T GO GITTIN' RILED UP, SPIKE! I WUZ JEST ASKIN'! WAAL, BILL AN' ME BETTER GIT BACK! TIME TO BED DOWN FER THE NIGHT!
NUGGETS! COME ON!
NOW, WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, PARDNER? I KNOW YOU'VE COME ACROSS SOMETHING THAT'S BOTHERING YOU! TALK UP, NUGGETS!
LISTEN, BILL! SPIKE JENSEN AIN'T TELLIN' THE TRUTH! I KIN PROVE IT! AN WHUT'S MORE --
6

OH-OH! PIUTE WAR BEADS! WHERE'D YOU GET THEM, NUGGETS?
I PICKED 'EM UP WHEN WE FIRST FOUND SPIKE AT THE BURNED WAGONS! PIUTES NEVER GIVE THEM WAR BEADS TO WHITE MEN, BILL! THAR HAD TO BE INJUNS AROUND WHEN THE WAGONS WUZ BUSHWACKED!
♫ A COWBOY LAY DYIN'-- HE WUZ COVERED WITH GORE! HE AIN'T GOIN' TO RIDE THE PRAIRIE NO MORE---♫
SO SPIKE IS HIDING SOMETHING FROM US! I WONDER WHAT?
WAAL, IT'S A CINCH HE AIN'T HIDIN' THEM SONGS O' HIS! LISTEN TO HIM NOW! THAT SONG SHORE GIVES ME THE WILLIES!
AND I WONDER WHY HE STICKS SO CLOSE TO THAT WAGON OF HIS, NUGGETS! HE EVEN EATS AND SLEEPS THERE! I'D LIKE A LOOK AT IT, NUGGETS -- IF YOU CAN LURE HIM AWAY!
OKAY, BILL! I'LL PLAY ALONG WITH YUH!
Minutes later...
SAY, SPIKE! I ALLUS WANTED TO PLAY ONE OF THEM GEE-TARS! D'YUH RECKON YUH COULD COME OVER TUH THE CAMP FIRE AN' SHOW ME HOW IT WORKS?
SHORE, NUGGETS! I'D BE MIGHTY PLEASED TUH SHOW YUH!
SEE, HERE'S THE E-STRING! NOW, YUH JEST TOUCH IT LIKE THIS AN'...
UH-HUH! MIGHTY PURTY!
WHAT IN TARNATION IS BILL UP TO? HE'S SWITCHIN' SPIKE'S WAGON WITH ANOTHER ONE!
FORGET NUGGET'S LESSON, SPIKE! LET'S CONTINUE WITH YOUR CONCERT! START SINGING THAT COWBOY LAMENT YOU WERE SOUNDING OFF WITH BEFORE! NUGGETS WILL KEEP AN EYE ON YOU!
OKAY, BILL! YOU SAID SING-- AN' HE'LL SING!
YOU HEARD HIM! START BELLERIN'! I DON'T KNOW WHAT BILL'S GOT IN MIND! BUT IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FER ME!
♫ A-A COWBOY LAY DYIN'! HE WAS C-COVERED WITH GORE! HE AIN'T GOIN' TO R-RIDE THE PRAIRIE NO MORE! ♫
Grimly, Wild Bill's hands close on his six-guns! What is he waiting for?
7

As Spike's voice rises in the mournful tune, out of the darkness charges a howling Piute band!
JUST AS I THOUGHT! INDIANS! AND THEY'RE HEADING FOR SPIKE'S WAGON -- LOOKING FOR RIFLES! BUT THEY'RE DUE FOR A SURPRISE!
YUH MEAN SPIKE'S A--A GUN-RUNNER! WHY, THE ORNERY RAT!
AIEEE! WE HAVE BEEN TRICKED! NO RIFLES IN WAGON! ONLY SACKS OF FLOUR!
LET THEM HAVE IT, NUGGETS! AND SHOOT STRAIGHT!
As the bewildered Indians mill about in confusion, a fusillade rings out!
SO THAT'S WHY YOU SWITCHED THE WAGONS, BILL! INSTEAD O' GUNS, THE INJUNS FOUND GROCERIES!
NO TIME TO PALAVER NOW, NUGGETS! POUR IT INTO 'EM!
BANG!
BANG!
RUN! THEY ARE DEMONS!
YAHOO! WE DID IT, BILL! WE DROVE THEM OUT!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
THIS COYOTE WUZ TRYIN' TO SNEAK AWAY, BUT I CAUGHT HIM, BILL!
THE WHOLE IDEA WUZ WHALEY'S, BILL! HE DOESN'T WANT THE SETTLEMENT AT LOST GAP! THEY'VE GOT A TRADING POST THERE IN COMPETITION WITH HIM!
SO WHALEY RAN GUNS TO THE HOSTILE PIUTES SO THEY'D STOP THE SUPPLY WAGONS!
AND YOU SIGNALLED THE INDIANS BY SINGING! THE SIGNAL TO ATTACK WAS WHEN YOU CHANGED YOUR SONG!
YOU AN' WHALEY ARE GOIN' TUH SING A DIFFERENT TUNE NOW, SPIKE -- IN JAIL!
The next morning, as Wild Bill Pecos and Nuggets Nugent ride the vital supply train into Lost Gap...
WE'VE SEEN IT THROUGH, NUGGETS! WE GOT THE WAGONS THROUGH!
YES, SIR, BILL! I SHORE AM GLAD! NOW WE CAN HIT THE TRAIL AGAIN!
YAHOO!
YIPPEE!
SUPPLIES AT LAST!
WE'RE SAVED, FOLKS!
8
And so, their job done, the two range land cowboys head west, searching for the new adventures that lie ahead...



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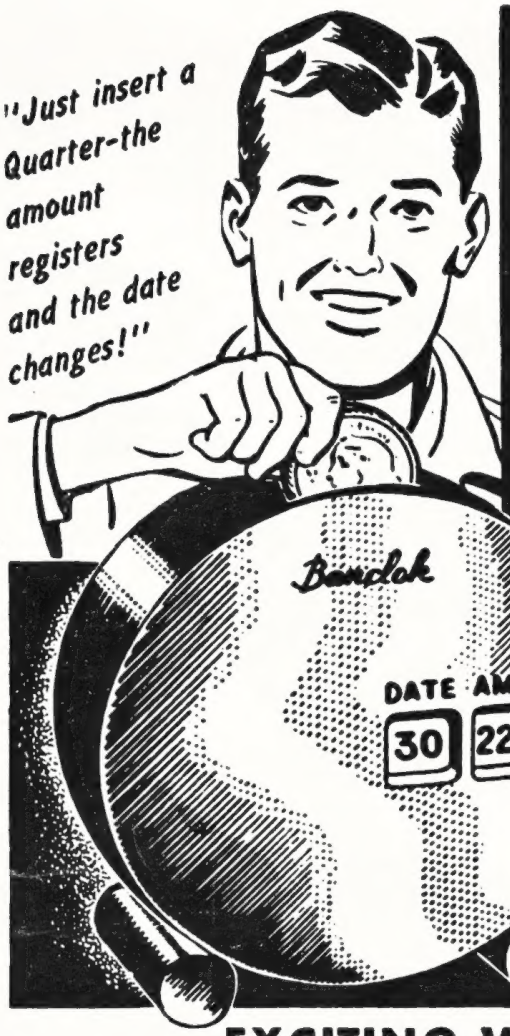

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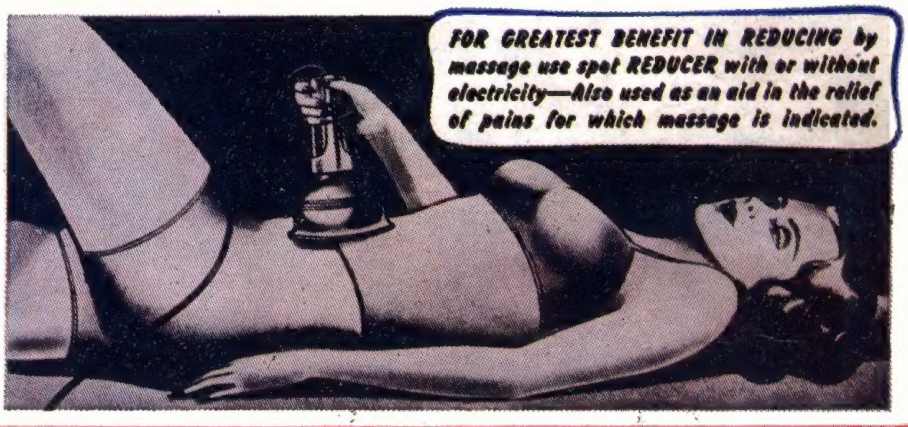

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